

# The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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## ROYAL NATIONAL OPERA.

THE DIRECTORS of the ROYAL NATIONAL OPERA COMPANY beg to announce that their First Series of Forty Performances will commence on SATURDAY, September 30th, 1871, at the St. James's Theatre. In each week of the season there will be Six Evening Performances; and Two Morning Performances (on Wednesdays and Saturdays), commencing at Two o'clock.

Some years have elapsed since English Opera had a home in the Metropolis of England, and during that period the growth of musical culture has been so extensive, that it may well be believed the time has come when England may be expected to clear itself from the reproach of being the only European nation of importance which welcomes foreign music and foreign artists, and neglects its own.

It is the hope of the Directors that they may be able to foster and to vindicate native talent, and to bring together a body of operatic artists who will not only do credit to themselves as exponents, but will stimulate native composers to energetic efforts.

This is the main object of the Royal National Opera Company. As regards nationality in composition, the Directors will imitate the wise example of the Italian Opera Companies, who seek excellence wherever it may be found, and present Italian versions of works by French, German, and even English composers. While Operas by native composers will naturally occupy a prominent place, the masterpieces of foreign composers will occasionally be presented in an English dress.

Among other numerous instances of artistic sympathy and good feeling, the Directors are glad to announce that

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT

has kindly consented to conduct a performance of his own works, and that

SIR W. STERNDALÉ BENNETT

has kindly given the Royal National Opera Company permission to produce (for the first time on the Operatic stage) his Cantata

"THE MAY QUEEN."

The Directors take this opportunity to announce that no fees will be permitted to be taken, whether for Booking Places, Cloak Rooms, Programmes, or attendance of any kind.

They finally invite attention to the Terms of Subscription, which are such as to enable all classes to assist the cause of Native Art.

Subscriptions for the Forty Performances will be received at the Box Office of the St. James's Theatre, and at all the principal Libraries, as follows:—Private Boxes (Transferable), Thirty to Fifty Guineas; Stalls (Transferable), Ten Guineas; Dress Circle Stalls (Transferable), Seven Guineas

The following Artists are already engaged:—

MISS ROSE HERSEE.

(Who will make her re-appearance in England, on Saturday, September 30th, after an absence of two years as Prima Donna Assoluta in America.)

MISS BLANCHE COLE. MISS BESSIE EMMETT. MISS JANET HAYDON.

MADAME FLORENCE LANCIA.

MISS PALMER (her First Appearance on the Operatic Stage in London).

MR. NORDBLOM (late principal Tenor of the Parepa-Rosa Company; his First Appearance on the Operatic Stage in London.)

MR. HENRY GORDON (his First Appearance in English Opera.)

MR. CHARLES STANTON (his First Appearance in English Opera.)

MR. PARKINSON. MR. RICHARD TEMPLE.

MR. MAYBRICK (his First Appearance in English Opera.)

MR. CARLTON. MR. CHAS. WILMOT. MR. MACAULAY.

MR. THEODORE DISTRIN. MR. CLIVE HERSEE (his First Appearance.)

MR. SIMS REEVES.

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LILY OF KILLARNEY .. Sir J. Benedict	TRUZZONE .. Verdi
A YEAR AND A DAY .. Sir J. Benedict	DIMORAH .. Meyerbeer
(First Time on the English Stage.)	MARTHA .. Flotow
THE MAY QUEEN .. Sir W. S. Bennett	SON AND STRANGER .. Mendelssohn
(First Time on the Stage.)	DER FREISCHUTZ .. Weber

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## CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY (Sept. 23).—

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## LONDON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF

1871. WILL CLOSE on the 30th of September. ADMISSION DAILY, EXCEPT WEDNESDAYS, from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. ONE SHILLING. On WEDNESDAYS, HALF-A-CROWN.

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Music by **R. T. GIBBONS.**

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**MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.**

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## A WORLD'S PEACE FESTIVAL.

Those who carry their minds back to what now seems a remote past—the time of the American civil war—will probably recall some memory of a musical festival given in New Orleans to celebrate the northern victories. The principal features of that affair were the co-operation of many thousands of children, and the employment of cannon for musical purposes. It is not upon these things, however, that we mean to dwell, so much as upon the man who organised the demonstration, and succeeded in enlisting young "Secesh" under the Stars and Stripes, to sing poems for the detested "Yanks." He who could do this in such a place as New Orleans must be no ordinary man, and it was felt at the time that more would be heard of Mr. P. S. Gilmore. Surely enough, Mr. P. S. Gilmore came to the front again, this time in the heart of his own northern land, and with proposals for such a musical celebration of peace as no other *entrepreneur* had dared to imagine. How these proposals were laughed at by some, and regarded with wondering incredulity by others, is matter of history. It is matter of history also that the celebration took place, sneers and incredulity notwithstanding; and that 10,000 voices, accompanied by 1,000 instruments, to say nothing of batteries of cannon, thundered the praises of peace to an audience 20,000 strong. After this, one might imagine Mr. Gilmore chanting "*Nunc dimittis*," with a consciousness that in the matter of gigantic festivals he had nothing more for which to live. Mr. Gilmore did exactly the reverse. Just as "man never is, but always to be blessed," so the American speculator, having achieved the Boston Peace Festival, found his ideas expand far and away beyond its dimensions. "What," thought he, "If I organize a World's Peace Festival, with 20,000 performers doing their best and loudest to an audience of five times the number!" An ordinary man would have shrunk from the scheme, if only at sight of the labour involved. But, as we have already said, Mr. Gilmore is no ordinary man. Gifted with the dogged pertinacity which carried Grant into Richmond, he has, buckled on his armour, and taken up a route for the World's Festival prepared to "fight it out on that line" as long as may be necessary.

We shall not here discuss the æsthetic value of such monster musical gatherings as the one proposed to be given in Boston next June. The actual gain to art from the performances themselves may be very little, while the sensational adjuncts employed may, like "sensation" in all its forms, have an unhealthy tendency. On the other hand, it should be remembered that the magnitude of the affair appeals strongly to the American mind, which is thus brought directly into contact with the claims of music. Moreover, such a festival, intimately associated with an idea of universal peace, acquires a moral power and significance no thoughtful man will overlook. It may be all very well for a few philosophers to "seek peace and pursue it," among other good things, from an intellectual conviction of abstract worth. But the ordinary mind is not philosophical. It responds to impressions from without rather than to the results of intellectual processes within, and, therefore, everything adapted to influence it in the right direction has a value. Who, then, can deny the value of such a wonderful peace celebration as that now contemplated? Of course it is easy to sneer at the whole thing, and to go into fits of laughter over the notion that any two countries will become better friends because they have joined in singing their national melodies. The possibility of such mirth, however, amounts to nothing. Was it not just as easy to smile when the Emperors met at Gastein, the other day, each attired in a uniform belonging to the other's army? Without hesitation do we avow that the projected Festival, whatever its musical value may or may not be, has our sympathy and good wishes.

Mr. Gilmore has issued a prospectus couched in language so enthusiastic as to lead us to remind sober and practical John Bull that it is not intended primarily for him. The clever manager may safely be credited with knowing his own countrymen well, and no doubt the grandiloquent periods in which he indulges have their special use. Here they will not be received with quite the responsive thrill of the American mind. Englishmen have an instinctive horror of the emotionalism which finds vent in "tall talk," wherefore, instead of reproducing Mr. Gilmore's proclamation, we shall convey in few words and matter-of-fact style the gist of its contents.

The "World's Peace Jubilee and International Musical Festival" is fixed to commence at Boston on the 17th June, 1872, and will last for two weeks. A huge edifice of wood and iron will be especially erected for the occasion, and appropriately adorned with flags of all nations, "highest above all the broad banner of Universal Peace." The building will be adapted to accommodate an orchestra of 20,000 performers, and an audience 100,000 strong. "Coliseum," orchestra, and audience, Mr. Gilmore believes, America can easily provide; but for the international character of the affair—its chief *raison d'être*—more than American resources are necessary. It is essential, for instance, that the chief European nations should be represented in some recognized and official manner; to which end Mr. Gilmore has hit upon the felicitous

idea of obtaining the co-operation of one military band from each country. Attired in full uniform, and given a conspicuous rôle, these bands would be a visible and appropriate sign of sympathy with the object of the gathering. How to obtain them is the question Mr. Gilmore is now resolving as best he may; but of his ultimate success, when backed by the influence of United States diplomacy, there can be little doubt.

The general scheme of the Festival is thoroughly in keeping with its international character. Thus, the first day will be given up to a celebration of the treaty of Washington by means of a concert of English music. We are here tempted to make a short quotation from the prospectus:—"While the selections to be performed on that day will consist chiefly of compositions of sons or adopted sons of the British Isles—including Costa, Bennett, Benedict, and Arthur Sullivan, among living composers, and Balfe, Wallace, and others, among the illustrious dead—as the highest compliment America could pay Great Britain, the best place upon the programme will be given to England's national air, 'God save the Queen.' This majestic chorale, when produced by a chorus of twenty thousand American voices, with the accompaniment of two thousand instruments, and every other accessory that can heighten its effect, cannot fail to touch the heart of Old England, and convince her that her offspring across the sea 'seek peace and pursue it,' and are ready, in commemoration of the settlement of all questions in dispute between the two governments, 'to strike the grandest chord of harmony that ever fell upon human ear.' With the feeling suggesting these remarks every one must be in sympathy, while the compliment offered to England by giving her the place of honour in the Festival scheme can hardly fail of appreciation. The second day will be devoted to Germany, as the next of kin after the "home land," and in succession come days set apart for France, Russia, Austria, Italy, and other countries. "Upon the day dedicated to any particular nation the band of that nation will, at the most interesting moment of the exercises, be marched to the front of the platform to play its part, and to receive such a welcome as will convince its country that America at least desires to be on terms of amity with all the world." Other performances of a less distinctive character are to follow, and an appropriate "wind-up" will bring the Festival to a worthy end.

Such is the outline of the greatest musical project ever conceived. Of its feasibility we shall express no opinion. On that subject Mr. Gilmore is the best judge; but should he bring the thing to a successful issue, he will achieve a triumph of enterprise and organisation altogether unique. That he may reckon upon the assistance of England can hardly be doubtful, for even those who see no musical good in monster gatherings of the kind, but regard them as merely the apotheosis of uproar, will be in sympathy with the object sought.

THADDEUS EGG.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The marriage of Mlle. Lawrowski with a real prince has passed from the region of mere rumour to the domain of undisputed fact. The ceremony took place on the 31st July, at Odessa. The title of the Prince is Zeretelw. The Princess Zeretelw will not retire from the stage.

STRASSBURG.—The Conservatory has been re-organized. It will re-open, under the title of the Town Conservatory, some time in October. Herr Franz Stockhausen, from the Conservatory, Leipzig, has been appointed director.

BRUSSELS.—The operas recently given at the Théâtre de la Monnaie have been *Les Mousquetaires*, *Le Barbier*, *La Dame Blanche*, and *Lucia*. The business has been far from good. The same may be asserted of the artists newly engaged, of the chorus, and of the band. Unless the manager, M. Vachot, conducts his theatre in a somewhat different style to that in which he has hitherto conducted it, the chances are that the season will be fruitful neither of glory nor of pecuniary advantage.

PESTH.—According to a letter recently received, the Abbate Franz Liszt will return in the beginning of November, and remain the winter. In the same letter it is stated that he will produce his oratorio of *Christus* here before producing it elsewhere, just as he did with his *Heilige Elisabeth*.

SALZBURG.—Herr Julius Epstein, professor at the Vienna Conservatory of Music, has been named an honorary member of the Cathedral Musical Union, and of the Mozarteum.—The Beethoven Centenary was duly celebrated by the latter institution on the 3rd inst. The hall was festively decorated and lighted. Beethoven's bust, crowned with a laurel wreath, stood in a perfect bower of flowers. The proceedings opened with a prologue in verse, by Herr Carl Ziegler. Then came the *Sinfonia Eroica*, given with such spirit as to procure two recalls for the conductor, Dr. Bach. This was followed by the vocal chorus, "Ehre Gottes"; March and chorus, and Turkish March from *Die Ruinen von Athen*. The last piece had to be repeated. Professor Epstein, assisted by the chorus and orchestra, then played the Piano-forte Fantasia.



## THE GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the "Gloucester Chronicle.")

From the statistics already obtained, we are glad to see that our Festival is likely to be no less successful, so far as the finances are concerned, than it has been in former years. The amount available for the charity already exceeds £1000, and further donations may be expected.

It has been urged that in some of the newspaper criticisms of the performances—our own among others—more fault was found than the necessities of the case demanded, and that the interests of future Festivals required that we should rather have done the most ample justice to all that deserved praise, especially as any such shortcomings as those in question were capable of explanation, and were not by any means the result either of ignorance or of neglect. We take some exception to this argument. A wasting disease cannot be cured by pencilling the eyebrows and painting the cheeks; such a treatment may deceive strangers, it may deceive friends, it may lull even the patient into a sense of false security, as she hears the praises of her beauty and of her apparent health; but all the time there is a silent decay going on, and underneath the bright colouring lurks sickness ever ready to break forth. If the Musical Festivals are to retain their ancient vigour, candid and fearless criticism must be allowed. Such criticism, perhaps, can hardly be hoped for in the columns of many of those journals which are supposed to direct public opinion. The race of critics is so closely bound by ties of friendship and affinity to living composers and musicians that there cannot fail to be an unconscious bias whenever they are called upon to express a judgment. We believe, therefore, that we are doing no slight good to the Festival and to the cause of musical art, when we express, as is our custom, an unprejudiced and candid criticism upon the performances of the week. When every daily paper teemed with the praises of its special favourites, was it indispensable that we should join in the chorus? It became us rather to point out the slips which occurred, and which were, for the most part, unnoticed by the daily press. As, however, we are unwilling to offend the susceptibilities of any, we have taken some trouble in order to be in a position which might enable us to explain how many of the mishaps occurred, and thus not to appear to depreciate, in a mere spirit of fault-finding, a Festival in which there was much that was excellent and the subject of general admiration. It appears that only two works were rehearsed, the *Passion Music* and *Gideon*. These works occupied the Monday, the day of rehearsal, from 10.45 a.m. to five o'clock p.m., when the Cathedral service put an end to any further practice. Consequently, the *Creation*, *Israel in Egypt*, the *Dettingen Te Deum*, "*Hear my Prayer*," *Jephtha*, *Elijah*, and the *Messiah* were—with the exception of one chorus in *Israel*—performed without rehearsal. It has been suggested, and we think rightly, that this remarkable fact demonstrates how carefully the band and chorus had been selected, and it is urged that we might well have given a more decided opinion upon the general magnificence of the whole. We readily acknowledge that the festival has been a source of intense delight to thousands, and we heard many who are considered to be among the first amateurs in England express themselves in terms of unmeasured praise, and dilate upon the glorious effects of the music in such a building as Gloucester Cathedral. As it is not our desire to add a word that could by any possibility lessen the pleasant remembrance of what they listened to, we shall offer no more than a brief allusion to what we have been told by way of explanation upon the subject. It is alleged that many of the "slips" referred to were caused by persons who would be the last thought of as capable of making a mistake. Mdlle. Tietjens had been abroad for her holidays, and had not studied *Jephtha*. Then, the band-parts of this work had been "cut" to suit a performance under Mr. Barnby's conductorship in London, and this in one instance led to an error. We should be inclined to blame the festival librarian for negligence; but we are told that the copies were not placed in his hands by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co. until the Thursday previous to the rehearsal. Had there been time to rehearse *Jephtha*, the mistake would have been corrected; but the appointed hour of Divine Service unfortunately interfered with any attempt to practice the oratorio. Further, it is alleged that the leader of the band is not so familiar with Handel's works as he is with other music, and that he led off the overture to *Esther* at just twice the proper speed—that is to say, at four in the bar instead of eight—thus paralysing for an instant the otherwise firm beat of the conductor. Dr. Wesley asserts that the time at which several of the choruses of Handel and Haydn have of late years been taken in London is incorrect, and that he is familiar with the time which those who succeeded Handel and Haydn invariably adopted. In the chorus, "*Wretched Lovers*," in *Acis and Galatea*, the exclamation, "*Behold the monster Polypheme*," was always taken very fast in order to represent the hurried manner in which rustics would give expression to their surprise and horror on beholding the monster. Indeed, it may be a question whether the right time is known even in Germany, for Mendelssohn, feeling the tediousness (!) of the chorus, actually omitted a bar's rest, and thus cor-

rected Handel. Dr. Wesley also asserts that the choruses, "*For unto us*" and "*The heavens are telling*," were always taken at the speed he adopted, which renders them not only far more effective, but also much easier so sing.

These statements, which we have no reason to question, do not appear to be familiar either to modern conductors or newspaper writers, if we are to judge by the *tempi* generally adopted, and by the approval of those *tempi* by critics in general. The latter will doubtless be slow to welcome an innovation of this kind, tending, if adopted, to convict them of ignorance, for it is nothing new to state that what we now hear termed the "fashionable" and "erroneous" conducting of Costa has never failed to secure the approbation of those whose province it is to criticize. We understand that Dr. Wesley will not admit that any conductor adopts a more decided or firmer "beat" than his own; and that there are those who hold this view may be gathered from the fact that some of the Gloucester chorus singers, on returning from the Handel Festival, complained that they could not at all understand Sir Michael Costa's beat after Dr. Wesley's, as the former repeatedly failed to make clear what was a "down" and what an "up" beat (!). If this be the case, it is to be regretted that they do not assert publicly what they have said privately; for, most undeniably, a very strong opinion has been expressed, and is now maintained, that conducting is not Dr. Wesley's forte. We pass by such rumours as those which assign much of the hostile criticism in certain papers to the grievances and disappointments of those whose only method of revenge is the employment of malevolent critics\*. Disquisitions on such points are not likely to lead to peace. What observations we have offered have been made solely with the object of explaining the causes of some of the mistakes which occurred. We might have said much more; columns might be filled with the various rumours flying about; but we have confined ourselves to those which, on investigation, we are bound to accept as true, and which we trust will smooth over any needless irritation which may have been caused by the remarks we felt it our duty to make upon the performances of last week.

## WOLVERHAMPTON TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the *Spot*.)

The most serious drawback with which this Festival had to contend was in the musical department, and was only fully revealed by a placard, to the effect that at 9.27 that morning the committee had received a telegram from Birmingham, containing the following message: "Mr. Sims Reeves is ill, and cannot come to Wolverhampton." Whilst expressing regret at this intelligence, the committee intimated that they had enlisted the aid of Mr. Grayson, of Bristol Cathedral, for the morning performance, and Mr. Vernon Rigby would fill the gap at the evening concert.

The oratorio was *Samson*, once the most popular of "the great Saxon's" works, the executive resources engaged upon which were equally balanced. In all, they numbered about 200 performers, of whom about 150 were vocalists selected from the Wolverhampton and Birmingham Festival Choral Societies. The band, led by Mr. Henry Hayward, comprised seven of the leading instrumentalists of Birmingham, including Messrs. Humphries, Gilmer, Synner, Ward, and D. F. Davis, besides others of note. The vocal principals, none too many for the work, were Miss Edith Wynne, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Grayson, Mr. Maybrick, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. The conductor was Mr. W. C. Stockley, of Birmingham.

As neither the scale of the performance nor the cast of the principal personages was of a nature to shed any new light upon the work, lengthened criticism is scarcely called for. The choral and orchestral parts, indeed, may be very briefly dismissed, on account no less of the general smoothness of the performance as of the numerical inferiority of the executants. The chorus, though not powerful, was efficient. Its chief successes were in the more elaborate choral numbers. "*Hear, Jacob's God*," was especially well rendered, the volume and continuity of tone being not less remarkable than the expressive power infused into it. Of the vigour, breadth, and *ensemble* displayed by the choir in "*Fixed in his everlasting seat*," and "*Let their celestial concerts all unite*," the latter marred by an unruly exodus of the audience, it would be superfluous to speak.

Among the principals, the most effective were Miss Edith Wynne and Mdlle. Drasdil, though Mr. Lewis Thomas ran them very close in the competition. Miss Wynne's bright, resonant, and well-trained soprano voice, has rarely been heard to greater advantage than in the very brilliant but difficult music which devolved on her upon this occasion. Her opening effort, "*Ye men of Gaza*," afforded a suggestive foretaste of her quality, and this promise was more than realised

\* If the writer of the above article will explain what he means by this sentence, we shall be charmed to receive a letter from him and insert it in next week's impression.—A. S. S.

by her subsequent performance of "Let the bright seraphim," accompanied, of course, by Mr. T. Harper's trumpet *obbligato*. Mdle. Drasdil proved herself both vocally and dramatically equal to her work. In "The Holy One of Israel be thy guide," Mdle. Drasdil exerted herself effectively; but her most finished performance was "Ye sons of Israel," which she sang with fervour and tenderness. Mr. Grayson is entitled to credit for the manner in which he acquitted himself. He did all that could be expected of him under the circumstances, singing "Total eclipse" twice over, at the instance of the President. Mr. Grayson possesses an agreeable and well-trained voice of considerable range, and uses it with judgment.

In the part of *Harapha*, Mr. Lewis Thomas is unrivalled. His entrance imparted new life to the performance, and kindled the enthusiasm of the audience to a higher pitch. Nothing could be better or more characteristic than his singing. Mr. Thomas enters thoroughly into the dramatic situation, and the audience are at a loss whether to applaud most the excellence of his vocalisation, or the completeness with which he identifies himself with the character. His singing of "Honour and arms" was a most racy performance. Mr. Maybrick, in the part of *Manoah*, sang with great intelligence and good feeling. It only remains to add that Mr. Stockly acquitted himself of the duties of conductor with his customary judgment and decision.

Ample amends for any shortcoming observable in the morning were afforded by the evening entertainment. Not a seat was unoccupied, and the audience was as brilliant as numerous. The artists differed from those of the morning only in the substitution of Mr. Vernon Rigby for Mr. Grayson, but this single change implied a great deal. We cannot enter into detail regarding the performance, which may be said to have passed off with great *éclat*. Miss Edith Wynne especially distinguished herself in the grand scena from *Oberon*, but her subsequent performance of Lover's graceful ballad was scarcely less appreciated. Mr. Vernon Rigby experienced an immense reception, which he was not long in justifying by his expressive singing of a song by Blumenthal. In Balfe's popular Tennysonian love-song he was even more successful, and this effort, also, he was forced to repeat. His crowning triumph, however, was in Shield's "Thorn," the simple, plaintive charms of which seemed to go straight to the hearts of the audience. In reply to a most enthusiastic redemand, he gave "La donna e mobile," and this air also the singer was compelled to repeat. Mr. Lewis Thomas was deservedly encored for his spirited execution of Bishop's "O firm as oak," and was certainly not less effective in "Largo al factotum." Of the instrumental pieces we can only find space to observe that Mr. Hayward's performance of Mendelssohn's violin concerto was worthy of his high reputation; that Mr. T. Harper's trumpet solo won great and deserved applause.

#### SHAVER SILVER ACROSS MUSIC IN PARIS.

The French are still troubled by the foolish supposition, which has never yet been accepted as truth out of France itself, that singers and musicians, whatever their success may have been in other lands, cannot rest easy until their triumphs have received the "sanction" of a Parisian audience. On the strength of this delusion, M. Oscar Commettant proposes, in the *Siècle*, that immense subventions shall be given to the principal lyrical theatres of Paris, in default of which the prestige he attributes to these establishments will, he thinks, be endangered. The means he proposes for raising the subvention money are ingenious. He would tax the café-concerts and other refreshment houses corresponding more or less closely to our music-halls, and with the proceeds form a subvention fund. Thus those who live by art, mingled with and corrupted by beer and coffee, would contribute to the resources of those who live by art alone. The tax on café-concerts ought, he estimates, counting their number at 250, to produce 840,000*fr.*, and he demands the contribution of an additional 860,000*fr.*, half from the State and half from municipality of Paris. Of the 1,700,000*fr.* thus obtained he would give 300,000*fr.* to the Opéra Comique, and the same sum to the Théâtre Lyrique. The Italian Opera would receive only 100,000*fr.*, while the subvention accorded to the French Opera (otherwise "Académie" or "Grand Opéra") would be raised to one million. According to a Paris correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge*, the subvention question has already been decided. M. Jules Simon, Minister of Fine Arts, at an interview with the members of the Budget Commission, convinced them of the inadvisability of withdrawing the subventions altogether, and ultimately persuaded them to allot annually the following sums:—To the Opéra, 600,000*fr.*; to the Théâtre Français, 240,000*fr.*; to the Théâtre Italien, 100,000*fr.*; to the Opéra Comique, 100,000*fr.*; to the Odéon, 60,000*fr.*; to the Théâtre Lyrique, 60,000*fr.*

The authors, musical and literary, whose works are performed at the subventioned theatres, will, for the present, in lieu of percentage on the receipts, receive 500*fr.* a night. This sum is declared by those chiefly interested in the matter to be insufficient; but as the subventions are

being reduced, and may before long be entirely withdrawn, and as the salaries of the singers and musicians are at the same time being cut down, it is not unreasonable that the sums payable in authors' fees should also be diminished. At the Opéra, artists in the receipt of less than 6,000*fr.* a year are to be paid their salaries in full. Those entitled to salaries above that figure will have 15 per cent. taken off, which for artists at 6,500*fr.* will be trying.

The deaths of Auber, Fétis, and M. Gauthrot, have occasioned many vacancies in important musical posts. Replacing Auber, Ambroise Thomas has already entered upon his functions as director of the Conservatoire, where the classes were re-opened on the 2nd of September. He may be expected to show more energy than the veteran composer whom he succeeds; and it is stated that his first object will be to direct the studies of the pupils to the music of the classical masters alleged, of late years, to have been neglected. The death of Fétis left vacant the directorship of the Brussels Conservatoire, to which M. Gevaert, hitherto chorus-master at the Grand Opéra of Paris, has been appointed. M. Gevaert is succeeded at the Opéra by M. Victor Massé, composer of *Galathée*, *Lara*, &c. It is expected that M. Gauthrot ("chef du chant") will be replaced by M. Bizet, son-in-law of Halévy, and composer of *Les Pêcheurs de Perles*.

All engagements at the Opéra with leading performers ("protagonists," as the Italians humourously call them) seem to be at an end. *Le Ménestrel* expresses a confident hope that Mdme. Sasse (formerly Mdme. Saxe) and M. Faure may be re-engaged; but the director, M. Halanzier, being still uncertain as to the amount of subvention to be accorded to him, is naturally uncertain as to the terms he may be able to offer to his principal artists. The musical papers speak of a "singing bass" ("bass chantante"—an expression which has no special meaning now that every bass is expected to sing), M. Boutry by name, of whom great things are expected, and who will, in any case, make his début at the Opéra; also of a florid soprano ("soprano à roulades"—again an absurd expression, since the talent for executing roulades to perfection is accompanied by and includes other talents), Mdle. Thibault, whose engagement is already signed. Mdle. Thibault is the daughter of the late conductor of the musical band at the Opéra, who was killed by a shell during the second siege of Paris.

As to new works, the Parisians are promised, in the first place, M. Reyser's "Erostratus" an opera in two acts, originally composed for Baden-Baden, and performed there in the ancient days, when it used to be said that Baden was a piece of France on the German side of the Rhine, Strasburg a piece of Germany on the French side. The latter observation still holds good in a very literal sense; but the former, now that Baden is deserted by the French, has lost its meaning. That highly national composer, M. Mermet, who, like Herr Wagner, writes his own libretto, has a "Jeanne d'Arc" ready, which, under existing circumstances, ought at least to obtain a "succès d'occasion." M. Eugène Diaz, son of the great painter of the "colourist" school, has reason to expect that his prize work, "La Coupe du Roi de Thulé," will be produced in the course of the winter. Finally, M. Ambroise Thomas's "Psyché," composed for the Opéra Comique, is, with the indispensable recitatives added, to be brought out at the Grand Opéra. Several pieces from "Psyché" have already been performed at the concerts of the Conservatoire. Psyché, Eros, and Mercury are the principal characters, and the part of Mercury has been rearranged by the composer with a view to its performance by M. Faure.

M. Gounod's "Polyeucte" (a subject already treated by Donizetti in "I Martiri") is not to be given for the first time, as some one, it seems, had reported, at the Royal Italian Opera, but at the Grand Opéra of Paris. At the performance which recently took place at this theatre, for the benefit of the victims of the war, the money paid for tickets amounted only to 5,000 francs. An additional sum of 800 francs was collected in the house by the Duchess MacMahon and Madame Jules Simon. Thus, calculating that the audience consisted of about 1,200 persons, each patriot must have given for the benefit of his distressed countrymen something like 15 sous. The programme was attractive enough, consisting as it did of the second act of *Faust*, the second act of *La Muette de Portici*, the fourth act of *Les Huguenots*, and the fifth act of *L'Africaine*. On the other hand, it was a hot night.

Mdme. Miolan-Carvalho has accepted an engagement at the Opéra Comique, where she is to make her first appearance in the thousandth representation of Hérold's always fresh and charming work *Le Pré aux Clercs*. Mdme. Balbi-Verdier is singing at the Athénée, which has just reopened with *Martha*. Flotow's popular opera will be followed by M. Boisselot's *Ne touchez pas à la Reine*. M. Garcia, son of Signor Manuel Garcia, has made a very successful début as a concert singer, and is about to be heard at the Athénée in the part of Figaro.

GENOA.—The Teatro Carlo Felice will be opened for the season on the 15th October with a new opera, *Una curiosa Accidente*, by Signor Ricci.

## DUBLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

Since my last the Italian operas at the Theatre Royal have been listened to by crowded audiences, the performances of *La Figlia del Reggimento* and *La Sonnambula* having been the chief novelties of the week. Mdlle. Marimon is well received by the public; but in the first-named opera, although she is eminently successful, there is a feeling that she lacks power, which, to a certain extent, prevents her giving due effect to the more spirited portions of the music; in the cantabile movements, however, she is quite at home. Signor Agnesi is a capital exponent of the bluff Sergeant Sulpizio, and renders his music with great effect. On Wednesday *Anna Bolena* was given for the first time these twenty years in Dublin, and drew a large audience. The cast was the same as in London, with the exception of Mdlle. Colombo, who filled the rôle formerly played by Mdlle. Sinico. Mdlle. Tietjens, as the heroine, had a great reception; but it is scarcely a part adapted to her voice and style, although it would be impossible to find another artist capable of giving such dramatic importance to it. On Thursday evening the theatre was crowded from floor to ceiling for the first appearance of Mdlle. Marimon in *La Sonnambula*, and here she had full scope for the display of her talents, and consequently made a correspondingly greater success than in *La Figlia*. She was supported by Signor Foli as the Count (whose aria was encored and repeated); Signor Vizzani as Elvino (rather a tame performance); and Mdlle. Bauermeister and Signor Casaboni as Lisa and Alessio. On Friday a great treat was given by the production of Rossini's grand opera, *Semiramide*, and a capital performance it was—Mdlle. Tietjens, as the heroine, acting and singing the part magnificently. Arsace was represented by Madame Trebelli-Bettini, and the singing of these two artists in the duetto was little short of perfection. Signor Agnesi as Assur, and Signor Foli as Oro, completed the cast, the former quite astonishing the audience by his magnificent delivery of the florid passages with which this opera abounds. On Saturday *La Figlia del Reggimento* was repeated to a crowded house. On Monday Mozart's ever-popular *Don Giovanni* was given for the first time this season, and, although the cast was by no means equal to what we have had in former years, the theatre was well filled. The performance was not beyond reproach. The cast was as follows:—Donna Anna, Mdlle. Tietjens; Donna Elvira, Mdlle. Colombo; Zerlina, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Don Giovanni, Signor Mendioroz; Don Ottavio, Signor Vizzani; Leporello, Signor Agnesi; Masetto, Signor Zoboli; and Il Comendatore, Signor Foli. Mdlle. Tietjens is an unrivalled Donna Anna, but Mdlle. Colombo as Donna Elvira was very uncertain, and the part of Zerlina is quite unsuited to Madame Trebelli, who has to transpose most of the music. Signor Mendioroz made some good points as the Don, but altogether it was only a moderate performance. The Leporello of Signor Agnesi was well acted, but his voice is hardly suited to the part. Signor Vizzani as Don Ottavio appeared to be suffering from cold, and left out the aria, "Il mio tesoro," to the annoyance of most of the audience. Tuesday, *La Sonnambula* was repeated. Wednesday, *Anna Bolena*; and for the rest of the week *Il Barbiere* and *Lucrezia Borgia* are announced. "Will you be surprised to hear" that Mdlle. Fernandez, who, by-the-by, made a favourable *début* here in *Anna Bolena*, as the page, Smeaton, is now the wife of Mr. Bentham, the tenor? Such, however, is the fact, certified by one who was present at the church in Gordon Square, London, where the ceremony took place.

## ROYALTY THEATRE.

Miss Augusta Thomson made her *début* at this theatre on Monday evening, the opening night of the season, under the direction of Mr. Mallandaine, as Frédégonde, in M. Hervé's opera bouffe, *Chilperic*. Her success was unmistakable; encores, recalls and bouquets were plentiful, and the clever artist deserved them, for she was the "life and soul" of the piece—one of the most popular, it may be remembered, brought out last season at the Lyceum, with M. Hervé and Miss Emily Muir in the principal characters. Mr. W. H. Tilla, M. Loredan, Mr. Bishop, Mr. O. Summers, Mr. J. Rouse, Miss Emily Pitt, and Miss L. Russell, were the representatives of the other characters, and acquitted themselves humourously enough. Mr. Mallandaine was a capital conductor of the orchestra, which, though small, was decidedly demonstrative.

## THE ROYAL HIGH SCHOOL FOR MUSIC.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Königsliche Hochschule für Musik, at Berlin, though considered already on the continent as the future "Conservatoire" of the German empire, is comparatively little known in England, and by directing the attention of musical students and the art-loving public in general to its merits, but fair justice will be done to its originator and Director, Joseph Joachim. We all love and esteem that great artist as one of the most accomplished musicians of this and all times; but he has now found the long-sought for opportunity of perpetuating his style, of imparting his knowledge of the art, and of communicating his enthusiasm to the rising generation.

In the finest part of modern Berlin—Der Königsplatz—surrounded by noble buildings and streets, bearing the names of the most distinguished statesmen and generals of the Fatherland, such as Moltke, Bismarck, and Roon, stands a stately mansion, allotted to the high school of musical art, under the immediate and exclusive direction of Joseph Joachim—the right man in the right place—and chosen by the Emperor-King himself for that responsible task. Every branch of musical art—pianoforte, organ, violin, viola, violoncello, harmony, counterpoint, and composition—is taught there by a phalanx of eminent professors. That particular attention should be given to the perfection of the string quartet is not to be wondered at. It has been the privilege of the writer of these lines to be present at the practice of about forty of the pupils of the Academy, under the conductorship of Joachim himself—who gives a great deal of his time weekly to instruction in solo and quartet playing, and regularly attends the orchestral rehearsals. To see these young and ardent votaries of the art flocking from all parts of the continent under the banner of the master, vieing with each other in zeal and attention for two hours; to witness the gentle but firm manner of their chief, whose invaluable advice is listened to with reverential deference, and to hear the result in an almost faultless execution of the most difficult and intricate music, is a treat not likely to be forgotten.

There is every prospect of classes for singing and wind instruments being immediately established at the Hochschule, and, if brought to the perfection of the string quartet, the result to be looked for can scarcely be over-rated, and within a short time the name of a pupil of that institution will be a sure guarantee of excellency everywhere.

J. B.

## AUBER.

"H. H.," one of the Paris correspondents of the *Athenæum*, has the following in his letter of the 16th ult.:—

"The result of the sale of Auber's effects has rather disappointed the auctioneer. The man who was honourable enough to send back his decorations (the Prussian ones) to the invader of his country,—he who had among his books not one single score of Beethoven or Weber,—he, the loungeur of the Bois de Boulogne, who never went out of the limits of his dear Paris,—a Parisian of Parisians,—received from his countrymen and townsmen many funeral eulogies, and some sentences of well-poised praise in the newspapers, but less regret and love than were due to him. Lively and great composer as he was,—a very rich man, and a cynical, polished epicurean of the old school,—he kept on his literary shelves Paul de Kock's entire writings, half-a-dozen of Haydn's, Gluck's, and Mozart's works,—no foreign books of any kind, and hardly a dozen French authors. *Nymphs en déshabille*, portraits of dear women, not much encumbered with costume, peopled his solitude, and adorned his walls. What else did he care for? Music, his own genial spirit, respectability in the world, *bon-ton*, and business well done,—that was much, and enough. He read little, and dreamt less. The *Manon Lescaut* of Abbé Prévost he did not even open, when he had to adapt his tunes to Scribe's libretto on the same subject. An intellect his, precise, sharp, shrewd,—no *clairvoyance* in it, nothing vague or redundant. 'Why did you not read the *Manon*?'—'I had the words of Scribe.'—'But Scribe certainly had perused Prévost's work?'—'Oh! not at all. The story was very familiar to him,—a young woman, of light-headed, coquettish temper, drawing on a very giddy, warm-hearted young fellow to ruin,—that was all!' And he added, 'Scribe never wasted his time!' Business-like gentlemen, both of them, and practical."

Nearly the whole of the foregoing may be set down as what Mr. Burchall would call *judgt.* Auber must have been poking fun at H. H. He was quite equal to it. A. S. S.

BREAKFAST.—EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPE & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Eppe's Cacaoine, a very thin evening beverage.



# ABOUT THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL.

The intelligent and learned correspondent of the *Daily News* at the recent Beethoven Festival in Bonn, gives even a more poetical account of the steam-boat excursion to Rolandseck than that of Herr Ritter von Kingstons, representative of the *Daily Telegraph* himself. Here it is:—

"The *Matinée* \* was followed by a steam-boat excursion on the Rhine. The starting from the Rhein-Thor was preceded and accompanied by reiterated firing of cannon; the balconies and gardens of hotels and villas on each bank of the river were filled with spectators, waving flags, scarfs, and handkerchiefs; even the boys bathing took special 'headers' in the contagion of the general elation. Many went down very deep—I trust they all came up again safely, but cannot speak to the fact, as at the moment of their disappearance an excellent banquet was served in the saloon of the steamer Humboldt, as we ploughed our watery way to Rolandseck. In the course of the dinner, various set toasts were proposed by Herr Kaufman (Burgmaster of Bonn), Professor Heimsoeth, Herr Roland, Dr. Breuning, and Herr Sebes; and speeches were made (also in German), by Dr. Hiller, Herr Gade, Herr Joachim, and Herr Wasielewski. The Burgmaster having suggested that Mr. C. L. Grunewald should propose a toast in French, that gentleman made some very appropriate remarks, choosing his native English as the medium, because of the large and early interest taken in the music of Beethoven by England; the speaker claiming a double interest in the celebration from his German descent and British birth.

"On arrival at Rolandseck, at the suggestion of Dr. Gehring, a telegram was dispatched to Madame Clara Schumann, at Baden-Baden, conveying the hearty salutations of the committee and the guests to one who, with her late husband, Robert Schumann, has contributed so largely to the recognition of Beethoven's greatness.

"At Rolandseck the company divided into groups, mostly occupied with conversation, tea, coffee, or other refreshments, in the gardens by the river side. My return was made on board the Schiller; the home voyage having been accompanied by renewed signs of rejoicing on each side of the Rhine. Houses were profusely illuminated; different coloured fires cast their various hues on the water in contrast to the pale light of the moon. Rockets and other fireworks shot up into the air; and the arrival in Bonn, and the progress to the Münster-Platz, showed the town in a state of general illumination, and a universal condition of rational rejoicing, that had none of the coarse and vulgar features usual on like occasions in some other lands that might be mentioned. The weather had cleared up, after a smart shower, just before the commencement of the *matinée*, and the day altogether was one of such high enjoyment and delightful surroundings as to stamp it with the brightest colours in the memory of a life."

Herr Ritter von Kingstons contributed to the *Daily Telegraph* the following glowing panegyric of Joachim's performance of the violin concerto:—

"As might have been expected, Joseph Joachim's performance of the *Concerto per Clemenza* has proved to be the leading feature of the musical Sacral-Feier—that is, up to the present moment; nor does a contemplation of the two programmes still in *prospectu* lead me to believe that any other 'number' will yield us an event comparable in interest and excitement to that which thrilled our pulses and held us in delicious thralldom last night. The heat was so intense, despite the—for Germany—unusual liberality displayed by the architect of the hall in the matter of ventilation, that more than one lady had been carried out in a fainting condition during the interval between the termination of the chorus *Schmücht die Altäre* and the appearance of the Meister-Geiger upon the platform: and the strings of the thirty-eight fiddles were snapping like percussion-caps. Despite all this, the first glimpse of Joachim's handsome, thoughtful face, as it emerged from the semi-gloom thrown by the shadow of the conductor's stand, was hailed by an explosion of rapturous welcome, admiration and affection, the like of which, in a long and varied experience of popular greetings, I seldom remember to have heard. The audience fairly rose at him; ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and rivalled their male companions in the energy and persistence with which the latter kept up a veritable tempest of applause; nor could even professor Hiller's appealing glances induce the plauditors to compose themselves and settle down to an attitude of attention, until more than five minutes had been devoted to shouting, and the condition of the most enthusiastic tribute-payers would have been but feebly described by the word 'sweltering.' To say that Joachim played the 'Concerto' perfectly would be inadequately to describe his marvellous achievement; magician-like, he compelled his sweet-voiced familiar to sing in such heart-searching, unearthly tones, that its strains carried the rapt listener out of this matter-of-fact, work-a-day world into realms of eternal harmony, where love is the tonic of the ruling chord, and beauty its dominant. All perception or apprehension of mere material agencies—of wood, string, horsehair, and human fingers—was interrupted whilst the master worked his charm; nothing reached us but pure disembodied sound, the veritably ethereal. For the time being the huge

wooden hall was transmuted into a temple dedicated to tone-art—Joachim, its high priest, revealing the secrets of his creed, and we, silent and believing worshippers, drinking in the inspired accents of his sublime discourse. Did I notice each especial excellence of execution characterizing this extraordinary effort, I should make too great a demand upon your space. Suffice it that I record one or two "incidents" of surpassing interest. One was the astounding cadenza introduced by Professor Joachim into the first movement—a cadence which may be said to have exhausted all the mechanical difficulties of the instrument, but which, played by its author *tout d'un trait*, appeared to grow spontaneously out of the violin, as though it were the result of some irresistible natural law. Another was the exquisite *trillo* with which he terminated the *adagio*, bringing it gradually down from *mezzoforte* to a *pianissimo* that was all but inaudible, and yet maintaining a tremulous accuracy of articulation that never slackened for a moment. During the last thirty seconds of that shake, it seemed to me that I was listening to the fall of feathers upon snow, or to the inconceivably accelerated tickings of a tiny two-bell metronome wrapped up in thick cotton wool. Throughout the *adagio* we were under a spell—Beethoven's soul was amongst us, conjured up from space by the genius of Joachim."

The same eager and enthusiastic correspondent thus prefaces his inaugurative letter:—

"The Feast of St. Beethoven was opened yesterday morning by ringing of church bells, display of bunting, and the crowning of a certain grim effigy that stands with defiant mien in the centre of a shady square, hard by Queen Helena's Minster. A gay green wreath, bound around the massive brow of the great Tone-Poet, failed utterly in imparting a festive expression to those rugged, rough-hewn features, stamped with the passionate emotions and desperate resolves of an untameable spirit—of a wild and fearless nature that, like Prometheus, warred with the Gods, neither loving nor fearing them. This formidable visage, surmounted by a dainty coronal of braided leaves, is suggestive of the Tragic Muse bedizened in motley, or of Mozart's 'Requiem' eked out with a *coda* by Johann Strauss. So dauntless, so fraught with inscrutable purpose, so seamed and furrowed by the workings of a mighty genius, is the countenance of the grand Ludwig, that the whole interest of the statue in the Beethoven Platz is concentrated upon that face, to the temporary ignoring of all the anomalies which disfigure the form beneath it. Trousers and a toga surely constitute a false concord in art; but it is only when, fairly weary of endeavouring to decipher the mysteries of that terrible visage, you turn for relief to inspection of the subordinate features in the composition of the statue, that you notice this and other shortcomings in the preservation of artistic unities. The wreath, however, lately superimposed *honoris causa*, cannot be overlooked—it obtrudes itself upon the eye of the gazer, and will not be denied. Perishable, holiday verdure upon imperishable, solemn bronze, it is as obviously out of place as would be a brilliant shake on the penultimate note of a penitential psalm.

"However, celebrants of centenaries will have their way; and even in Germany, where the "fitness of things" is a creed that regulates human actions with a rigour and exactitude unknown to other countries, hero-worship finds its expression in incongruities that will not bear the test of criticism based upon the canons of art. Bonn has clothed itself in bunting of the new national pattern. Black, red, and white are the colours hoisted upon every church-steeple, and streaming from every house-window, in honour of the musician whose best and most productive years were spent under the shadow of the brave old Austrian standard. From the first floor of the house in which he was born waves this newest of Latter-Day banners, undreamt-of 'in the days when George the Third was King,' and when Ludwig von Beethoven, a wayward self-communing lad, 'saw the vision of the world, and all the wonders that would be.'"

## THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The writer of a notice of this theatre, in the *Daily Telegraph*, seems to imply that the audience was packed for the occasion, which accounted for the very enthusiastic reception awarded to Mr. Albery's new comedy. Permit us to say, and we are prepared to substantiate it, that the verdict was that of the public who had paid their money, no free admissions having been given.—Yours obediently,

D. JAMES and T. THORNE.

## BRITISH HOSPITAL FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I am anxious, through your columns, most gratefully to acknowledge a second munificent donation for the Hospital for Skin Diseases in Great Marlborough Street, of £1,000, from V. S. T.—Your obedient servant,

ALEX. RIVINGTON,  
Hon. Sec.

56, Great Marlborough Street, Regent Street, W.  
Sept. 12th, 1871.

\* A quartet concert given on the Wednesday morning, the last day of the Festival.

## DUBLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

Since my last the Italian operas at the Theatre Royal have been listened to by crowded audiences, the performances of *La Figlia del Reggimento* and *La Sonnambula* having been the chief novelties of the week. Mdlle. Marimon is well received by the public; but in the first-named opera, although she is eminently successful, there is a feeling that she lacks power, which, to a certain extent, prevents her giving due effect to the more spirited portions of the music; in the cantabile movements, however, she is quite at home. Signor Agnesi is a capital exponent of the bluff Sergeant Sulpizio, and renders his music with great effect. On Wednesday *Anna Bolena* was given for the first time these twenty years in Dublin, and drew a large audience. The cast was the same as in London, with the exception of Mdlle. Colombo, who filled the rôle formerly played by Mdlle. Sinico. Mdlle. Tietjens, as the heroine, had a great reception; but it is scarcely a part adapted to her voice and style, although it would be impossible to find another artist capable of giving such dramatic importance to it. On Thursday evening the theatre was crowded from floor to ceiling for the first appearance of Mdlle. Marimon in *La Sonnambula*, and here she had full scope for the display of her talents, and consequently made a correspondingly greater success than in *La Figlia*. She was supported by Signor Foli as the Count (whose aria was encored and repeated); Signor Vizzani as Elvino (rather a tame performance); and Mdlle. Bauermeister and Signor Casaboni as Lisa and Alessio. On Friday a great treat was given by the production of Rossini's grand opera, *Semiramide*, and a capital performance it was—Mdlle. Tietjens, as the heroine, acting and singing the part magnificently. Arsace was represented by Madame Trebelli-Bettini, and the singing of these two artists in the duetto was little short of perfection. Signor Agnesi as Assur, and Signor Foli as Oro, completed the cast, the former quite astonishing the audience by his magnificent delivery of the florid passages with which this opera abounds. On Saturday *La Figlia del Reggimento* was repeated to a crowded house. On Monday Mozart's ever-popular *Don Giovanni* was given for the first time this season, and, although the cast was by no means equal to what we have had in former years, the theatre was well filled. The performance was not beyond reproach. The cast was as follows:—Donna Anna, Mdlle. Tietjens; Donna Elvira, Mdlle. Colombo; Zerlina, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Don Giovanni, Signor Mendioroz; Don Ottavio, Signor Vizzani; Leporello, Signor Agnesi; Masetto, Signor Zoboli; and Il Comendatore, Signor Foli. Mdlle. Tietjens is an unrivalled Donna Anna, but Mdlle. Colombo as Donna Elvira was very uncertain, and the part of Zerlina is quite unsuited to Madame Trebelli, who has to transpose most of the music. Signor Mendioroz made some good points as the Don, but altogether it was only a moderate performance. The Leporello of Signor Agnesi was well acted, but his voice is hardly suited to the part. Signor Vizzani as Don Ottavio appeared to be suffering from cold, and left out the aria, "Il mio tesoro," to the annoyance of most of the audience. Tuesday, *La Sonnambula* was repeated. Wednesday, *Anna Bolena*; and for the rest of the week *Il Barbiere* and *Lucrezia Borgia* are announced. "Will you be surprised to hear" that Mdlle. Fernandez, who, by-the-bye, made a favourable *début* here in *Anna Bolena*, as the page, Smeaton, is now the wife of Mr. Bentham, the tenor? Such, however, is the fact, certified by one who was present at the church in Gordon Square, London, where the ceremony took place.

## ROYALTY THEATRE.

Miss Augusta Thomson made her *début* at this theatre on Monday evening, the opening night of the season, under the direction of Mr. Mallandaine, as Frédégonde, in M. Hervé's opera bouffe, *Chilperic*. Her success was unmistakable; encores, recalls and bouquets were plentiful, and the clever artist deserved them, for she was the "life and soul" of the piece—one of the most popular, it may be remembered, brought out last season at the Lyceum, with M. Hervé and Miss Emily Muir in the principal characters. Mr. W. H. Tilla, M. Loredan, Mr. Bishop, Mr. O. Summers, Mr. J. Rouse, Miss Emily Pitt, and Miss L. Russell, were the representatives of the other characters, and acquitted themselves humourously enough. Mr. Mallandaine was a capital conductor of the orchestra, which, though small, was decidedly demonstrative.

## THE ROYAL HIGH SCHOOL FOR MUSIC.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Königsliche Hochschule für Musik, at Berlin, though considered already on the continent as the future "Conservatoire" of the German empire, is comparatively little known in England, and by directing the attention of musical students and the art-loving public in general to its merits, but fair justice will be done to its originator and Director, Joseph Joachim. We all love and esteem that great artist as one of the most accomplished musicians of this and all times; but he has now found the long-sought for opportunity of perpetuating his style, of imparting his knowledge of the art, and of communicating his enthusiasm to the rising generation.

In the finest part of modern Berlin—Der Königsplatz—surrounded by noble buildings and streets, bearing the names of the most distinguished statesmen and generals of the Fatherland, such as Moltke, Bismarck, and Roon, stands a stately mansion, allotted to the high school of musical art, under the immediate and exclusive direction of Joseph Joachim—the right man in the right place—and chosen by the Emperor-King himself for that responsible task. Every branch of musical art—piano-forte, organ, violin, viola, violoncello, harmony, counterpoint, and composition—is taught there by a phalanx of eminent professors. That particular attention should be given to the perfection of the string quartet is not to be wondered at. It has been the privilege of the writer of these lines to be present at the practice of about forty of the pupils of the Academy, under the conductorship of Joachim himself—who gives a great deal of his time weekly to instruction in solo and quartet playing, and regularly attends the orchestral rehearsals. To see these young and ardent votaries of the art flocking from all parts of the continent under the banner of the master, vying with each other in zeal and attention for two hours; to witness the gentle but firm manner of their chief, whose invaluable advice is listened to with reverential deference, and to hear the result in an almost faultless execution of the most difficult and intricate music, is a treat not likely to be forgotten.

There is every prospect of classes for singing and wind instruments being immediately established at the Hochschule, and, if brought to the perfection of the string quartet, the result to be looked for can scarcely be over-rated, and within a short time the name of a pupil of that institution will be a sure guarantee of excellency everywhere.

J. B.

## AUBER.

"H. H.," one of the Paris correspondents of the *Athenæum*, has the following in his letter of the 16th ult.:

"The result of the sale of Auber's effects has rather disappointed the auctioneer. The man who was honourable enough to send back his decorations (the Prussian ones) to the invader of his country,—he who had among his books not one single score of Beethoven or Weber,—he, the loungeur of the Bois de Boulogne, who never went out of the limits of his dear Paris,—a Parisian of Parisians,—received from his countrymen and townsmen many funeral eulogies, and some sentences of well-poised praise in the newspapers, but less regret and love than were due to him. Lively and great composer as he was,—a very rich man, and a cynical, polished epicurean of the old school,—he kept on his literary shelves Paul de Kock's entire writings, half-a-dozen of Haydn's, Gluck's, and Mozart's works,—no foreign books of any kind, and hardly a dozen French authors. Nymphs en *déshabille*, portraits of dear women, not much encumbered with costume, peopled his solitude, and adorned his walls. What else did he care for? Music, his own genial spirit, respectability in the world, *bon-ton*, and business well done,—that was much, and enough. He read little, and dreamt less. The *Manon Lescaut* of Abbé Prévost he did not even open, when he had to adapt his tunes to Scribe's libretto on the same subject. An intellect his, precise, sharp, shrewd—no *clairvoyance* in it, nothing vague or redundant. 'Why did you not read the *Manon*?'—'I had the words of Scribe.'—'But Scribe certainly had perused Prévost's work?'—'Oh! not at all. The story was very familiar to him,—a young woman, of light-headed, coquettish temper, drawing on a very giddy, warm-hearted young fellow to ruin,—that was all!' And he added, 'Scribe never wasted his time!' Business-like gentlemen, both of them, and practical."

Nearly the whole of the foregoing may be set down as what Mr. Burchall would call *Fudge*. Auber must have been poking fun at H. H. He was quite equal to it.

A. S. S.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Epps's Cacaoine, a very thin evening beverage.



## ABOUT THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL.

The intelligent and learned correspondent of the *Daily News* at the recent Beethoven Festival in Bonn, gives even a more poetical account of the steam-boat excursion to Rolandseck than that of Herr Ritter von Kingston, representative of the *Daily Telegraph* himself. Here it is:—

"The *Matinée* \* was followed by a steam-boat excursion on the Rhine. The starting from the Rhein-Thor was preceded and accompanied by reiterated firing of cannon; the balconies and gardens of hotels and villas on each bank of the river were filled with spectators, waving flags, scarfs, and handkerchiefs; even the boys bathing took special 'headers' in the contagion of the general elation. Many went down very deep—I trust they all came up again safely, but cannot speak to the fact, as at the moment of their disappearance an excellent banquet was served in the saloon of the steamer Humboldt, as we ploughed our watery way to Rolandseck. In the course of the dinner, various set toasts were proposed by Herr Kaufmann (Burgmaster of Bonn), Professor Heimseith, Herr Roland, Dr. Breuning, and Herr Sebes; and speeches were made (also in German), by Dr. Hiller, Herr Gade, Herr Joachim, and Herr Wasielewski. The Burgmaster having suggested that Mr. C. L. Grunewald should propose a toast in French, that gentleman made some very appropriate remarks, choosing his native English as the medium, because of the large and early interest taken in the music of Beethoven by England; the speaker claiming a double interest in the celebration from his German descent and British birth.

"On arrival at Rolandseck, at the suggestion of Dr. Gehring, a telegram was dispatched to Madame Clara Schumann, at Baden-Baden, conveying the hearty salutations of the committee and the guests to one who, with her late husband, Robert Schumann, has contributed so largely to the recognition of Beethoven's greatness.

"At Rolandseck the company divided into groups, mostly occupied with conversation, tea, coffee, or other refreshments, in the gardens by the river side. My return was made on board the Schiller; the home voyage having been accompanied by renewed signs of rejoicing on each side of the Rhine. Houses were profusely illuminated; different coloured fires cast their various hues on the water in contrast to the pale light of the moon. Rockets and other fireworks shot up into the air; and the arrival in Bonn, and the progress to the Munster-Platz, showed the town in a state of general illumination, and a universal condition of rational rejoicing, that had none of the coarse and vulgar features usual on like occasions in some other lands that might be mentioned. The weather had cleared up, after a smart shower, just before the commencement of the *matinée*, and the day altogether was one of such high enjoyment and delightful surroundings as to stamp it with the brightest colours in the memory of a life."

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(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The writer of a notice of this theatre, in the *Daily Telegraph*, seems to imply that the audience was packed for the occasion, which accounted for the very enthusiastic reception awarded to Mr. Albery's new comedy. Permit us to say, and we are prepared to substantiate it, that the verdict was that of the public who had paid their money, no free admissions having been given.—Yours obediently,

D. JAMES and T. THORNE.

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(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I am anxious, through your columns, most gratefully to acknowledge a second munificent donation for the Hospital for Skin Diseases in Great Marlborough Street, of £1,000, from V. S. T.—Your obedient servant,

ALEX. RIVINGTON,

56, Great Marlborough Street, Regent Street, W.

Don. Sec.

Sept. 12th, 1871.

\* A quartet concert given on the Wednesday morning, the last day of the Festival.

## MARRIAGES.

On September 8, at All Saints' Church, Gordon Square, GEORGE B. BENTHAM, Esq., to Miss CECILE S. FERNANDEZ.

On the 6th inst., at Guines, Pas de Calais, by the Rev. T. St. Hill, Consular Chaplain, HORACE W. CHATTERTON, Solicitor, youngest brother of FREDERICK BALSIS CHATTERTON, Esq., Lessee of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, to EMMA M. SOPHIE, second daughter of Monsieur LOUIS HENNEQUIN, of Victoria house, Guines.

## DEATHS.

On Sept. 17, WILLIAM HARRISON CRAFTURD, Esq., at Craufurdlund Castle, Ayrshire, N.B., in the 90th year of his age.

On Sept. 18, EDITH WINIFRED, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. HENRY KILLICK MORLEY, of Greenwich.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PURPLE POWIS.—Mr. Powis may add to his list of well-known musicians present at the Beethoven Festival—W. S. Bennett, Gevaert, Max Bruch, Dietrich, Jules de Glines, Kufferath, Niels Gade, Raff, Bargiel, W. Ganz, Hecht, &c. Neither Wagner nor Arthur Sullivan were seen.

## NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1871.

## A COMMUNICATION TO HIS FRIENDS.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 553.)

THIS *Lohengrin* is, in truth, something altogether new for modern consciousness, for it could proceed only from the particular mood and views of an artistic being, who, at no period but the present, and having no relations with art and life, save those sprung from his own individual and peculiar circumstances, developed himself up to the very point when this subject appeared as a compulsory task for his configuration. The only person, therefore, able to understand *Lohengrin* was he who could free himself from all modern, abstracting, generalising forms of looking at things for the phenomena of immediate life. Whoever can grasp only under a general category such phenomena as spring from the most individual configurative power of immediate and active life-relations, understands in them not much more than nothing, understanding not the phenomenon itself, but simply the category, to which—as something ready to hand—it in no way belongs. Anyone for whom nothing more appears intelligible in *Lohengrin* than the category: Christian and romantic, comprehends merely an accidental externality, but not the essential nature of the phenomenon. This nature, as that of something really new and never known before, is understood by only that faculty of man by which, generally, nourishment is first conveyed to his categorical understanding, and this is the purely sensual power of feeling. But it is only the work of art represented perfectly in its sensual shape which offers the new subject with the requisite impressiveness to the sensual power of feeling, and only he who has received this work of art in its fullest shape, that is to say, only the man of feeling, whose highest capability of sensation is completely satisfied, can completely comprehend the new subject. I here come upon the principal point of the tragic element in the situation of a true artist with regard to the life of the Present, the very same situation which, in the story of *Lohengrin*, received from me its artistic configuration:—the most necessary and most natural desire of such an artist is to be unreservedly grasped and understood by the feelings; and the impossibility—presupposed by modern art-life—of meeting with feelings characterised by an absence of prejudice and preciseness, and free from doubt, as he needs them in order to be understood—the compulsion he is under of

addressing himself almost entirely to the critical understanding instead of to the feelings—this is the great tragic element in his situation, an element which I, as an artistic being, could not avoid feeling, and which was to become so clear to me, in the course of my further development, that I at length broke out into open revolt against the oppression of the situation.

I am now approaching the narrative of my most recent period of development. I must dwell somewhat at length upon it, because the object of this entire communication is not simply to give the history of the process by which the three poems here published sprang into existence, but principally to correct the apparent discrepancies which may be found between their essential attributes and the character of the views lately propounded by me on art and its relative position to life, and some of which have already been pounced upon by superficial critics. In my narrative, I shall proceed through the uninterrupted statement of my artistic labours, and the moods of mind at the bottom of them, strictly connecting everything with what preceded.

Criticism had proved incapable of altering the form of my poem of *Lohengrin*, and the warmth of my zeal for its complete artistic realisation was, by this victorious conflict between my necessary artistic feeling and modern critical consciousness, simply fanned into a brighter glow. I felt that in this realisation lay the demonstration of the correctness of my feelings. It was clear to my perception that one important reason for not comprehending the tragic importance of my hero was the assumption that he descended from a gorgeous empire of cold magnificence, acquired without suffering; and for this magnificence, and for the sake of not transgressing an unnatural law, binding him without any will on his part to that magnificence, he turned his back on the conflict of human sufferings, in order to rejoice once more in his godhead. As the first thing manifested by this was the capricious nature of modern critical views, leaving out of consideration the involuntary impressions produced by a thing, and arbitrarily deciding that impression according to themselves, and as I easily perceived that this misapprehension sprang exclusively from an arbitrary interpretation of the binding law, which is, in truth, not an outwardly imposed postulate, but the expression of the necessary inward nature of him who from magnificent solitude craves for comprehension through love, I, in order to make sure of the correct impression I had in view, kept with all the greater definiteness to the primitive form of the subject, which, with its naïve touches, had so irresistibly influenced me. To convey artistically to others this form in strict accordance with the impression it had made upon me, I proceeded with even greater truth than in *Tannhäuser* as regards the presentation of the historical and legendary points, by which alone so extraordinary a subject could become something convincingly true for the senses. This induced me to adopt scenic treatment and linguistic utterance of a kind in which I was subsequently led to find possibilities, certainly destined, as a necessary consequence, to suggest to me a complete alteration in the position occupied by the factors of verbal and operatic utterance as it had hitherto been. In adopting this course, moreover, I was still guided by only one impulse, namely: to convey as plainly and intelligibly as possible to the perception of others what had been perceived by myself, and here, again, it was always the subject alone which influenced me, under all circumstances, for the form. In carrying out my plan, therefore, the utmost clearness was my chief aim, not, however, the superficial clearness with which a shallow object manifests itself to us, but the indescribably rich and manifold clearness in which alone a comprehensive purport, with far-reaching affinities, is intelligibly exhibited, though it must frequently appear superficial, and, to those accustomed to what is purportless, nothing short of obscure.

It was, I recollect, while endeavouring to attain the utmost amount of clearness, that I first grasped with greater and greater definiteness the nature of the female heart, as I had to represent it in the loving Elsa. An artist can achieve the capability of convincing representation only when he is able to throw himself with the most complete sympathy into the very being of what he has to represent. In Elsa I perceived from the outset the contrast I wanted to *Lohengrin*—not, of course, the absolute contrast, far removed from him, but rather the other part of his

own nature—the contrast comprised in the latter, and the completion, to be craved by him, of his manly and separate being. Elsa is the unconscious, involuntary element, in which the conscious, voluntary nature of Lohengrin yearns to be redeemed; but this yearning is itself the unconscious element of necessity and involuntariness in Lohengrin, which causes him to feel allied to the nature of Elsa. By the power of this “unconscious consciousness,” as I found to be the case even with Lohengrin, female nature—precisely when I felt impelled to represent it most truly—grew more and more profoundly familiar to me. I succeeded, thanks to the above power, in throwing myself so completely into this female nature, that I came to a perfect understanding as to the mode of manifesting it in my loving Elsa. I could not help considering her so justified in the final outburst of her jealousy, that it was in this very outburst that I first learned to comprehend the purely human nature of love; and I suffered real and profound grief—frequently streaming from me in warm tears—when I experienced irrefutably the tragic necessity for the separation, and for the annihilation of the two lovers. The woman who, with clear knowledge of the fact, rushes to annihilation for the sake of the necessary nature of love—and who, when revelling in the most violent admiration, chooses to perish entirely if she cannot entirely clasp her lover; the woman who must be destroyed in her intercourse with Lohengrin and no other, in order to deliver up him, also, to annihilation; the woman, able to love in this manner, and not otherwise, and who, by the very outburst of her jealousy, first passes from entranced veneration into the fullest nature of love, and displays this nature, on the point of destruction, to him who is here incomprehensible; the splendid woman from whom Lohengrin must disappear, because, out of his peculiar nature, he could not comprehend her—this woman I had now discovered; and the lost arrow that I shot at the noble treasure trove, of which I had a presentiment, but no certain knowledge, was absolutely my Lohengrin, whom I was compelled to sacrifice, in order to strike with certainty on the track of the *Truly-Womanly*, destined to bring redemption to me and the whole world, after male egotism, even in its noblest form, has, self-destroying, broken loose from it. Elsa—woman—woman as previously not understood, but now understood, by me—the most necessary nature-utterance of the purest sensual involuntariness—made me an utter revolutionist. She was the spirit of the people, after which I craved, even as an artistic being, for my redemption.

(To be continued.)

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

JUST as it used to be the fashion considerably more than a quarter of a century ago, to over-estimate the late composer, Spohr, it has now for some time since become the fashion to underestimate him. His *Autobiography*, nevertheless, can hardly fail to interest and afford lively satisfaction to that still large number of amateurs and musicians who rank him, and will persist in ranking him, among the greatest of the great masters. We may return to this subject. It is worth considering, as a sign of the times.

In 1844, in consequence of the heavy deficit which occurred after the Gloucester Festival of 1841, mulcting each steward to the amount of £270 and upwards, no one would take the office—and the Festival would inevitably have been dropped that year at Gloucester save for the spirited efforts and example of three gentlemen. In justice to the dead, as well as to the survivor, these names deserve to be recorded—the Rev. Thomas Evans, D.D., Head Master of the King's School; Rev. F. T. Bayly, vicar of Brookthorp; and Mr. Thomas Turner, banker. These gentlemen, to save the county and diocese the disgrace of being the first to abandon an institution which had existed more than a hundred and twenty years, volunteered to take the sole risk upon themselves. Mr. Bayly undertook to canvass the county, and after writing hundreds of letters, he succeeded in prevailing on five others to join in the responsibilities of the stewardship. These were—the Hon. F. Charteris, M.P., Col Hawkins, Mr. W. H. Hartley, Mr. S. Gist Gist, and the Rev. Thomas Huntingford. Thus the Festival was saved.

#### PROMENADE CONCERTS.

M. Rivière's programmes during the past week have been judiciously selected, to suit different musical tastes. On Friday, last Mozart's *Twelfth Mass* was given, with M<sup>me</sup>. Rudersdorffs Miss Helen d'Alton, Mr. Nordblom, and Mr. Whitney, as exponents. Tuesday was a “Meyerbeer night,” when selections from *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Robert le Diable*, *Le Prophète*, and *Les Huguenots*, were heard with unqualified pleasure. On the same evening, Sir Julius Benedict's new march, “William and Olga” (composed for the Silver Wedding of the King and Queen of Wurtemberg) was produced, conducted by the composer, who was received, on his *entrée*, with warm applause, which, at the conclusion of the march, was repeated with enthusiasm. This march—a decided success—gives further evidence of the remarkable ability of its distinguished composer, and has been repeated every evening with, if possible, increased effect. Beethoven was in the ascendant on Wednesday, when “The men of Prometheus” overture, the *Pastoral Symphony*, the pianoforte concerto in C minor (pianist, M<sup>me</sup>. Julia Wolff), a violin romance (played capably by Mr. Viotti Collins), were the *pièces de résistance*, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was repeated last night with the same vocalists as on the previous occasion. The “classical music” lovers have had, therefore, little cause for complaint during the week, and the theatre has been fully and fashionably attended in consequence. Sir Julius Benedict held the *bâton* at each performance. The “miscellaneous” parts of the programme, under the *bâton* of M. Rivière, have also proved attractive, the late Jullien's “British Army Quadrille,” coming in for its full share of applause; while the *Princess of Trebizonde* Quadrille by Arban, the Bridesmaid Waltz by Godfrey, and the galops, marches, and waltzes by M. Rivière, have quite satisfied the admirers of dance music. During the week the Processional March from Mr. W. G. Cusins' *Maid of Orleans* has been heard with pleasure, and there is little doubt of M. Rivière bringing this, his first series of promenade concerts, to a successful termination.

#### PROVINCIAL.

GLASGOW.—The Choral Union began their Twenty-ninth season on Saturday afternoon, the 16th inst. The chief pieces in the performance were Mendelssohn's setting of the Second Psalm (Why rage fiercely?); Purcell's anthem, “Sing unto the Lord;” Gounod's *Ave Verum* in E flat; Goss's harvest anthem, “I will magnify Thee, O God;” Mendelssohn's chorus for male voices, “Beati Mortui;” and the Benedictus from Schubert's Mass, in F. Mr. Lambeth conducted, and Mr. Pearce presided at the harmonium.

*Ibid.* The eighteenth season of the City Hall Saturday Evening Concerts, conducted by the directors of the Glasgow Abstinents' Union, commenced on Saturday night. The hall was very well filled in all parts. The artists must have been satisfied with the warm reception given them, with the hearty applause so often awarded, and with the number of encores demanded. “Miss Annie Edmonds,” writes the *Daily Herald*, “carried off the honours of the evening by her fine natural voice, and the pure manner in which she delivers it. Her neat and crisp singing of Bishop's popular ‘Should he upbraid,’ called forth immense applause, when Miss Edmonds gave ‘Love was once a little boy,’ with great archness.” Miss Marion Severn, Mr. Kerr Gedde and Mr. W. Winn, were the other vocalists; Mr. E. Howell was the violoncellist, who, the *Daily Herald* remarks, “deservedly stands in the front rank of instrumentalists. He has all the qualifications which entitle him to this high position—a splendid tone, perfect stopping, facile execution, combined with a thorough appreciation of what he is playing.” Mr. Lambeth gave some organ pieces in his usual masterly manner, and Mr. Emile Berger presided at the pianoforte as accompanist of the vocal music, and performed his duties in a way to satisfy everyone.

BARCELONA.—A new musical society, entitled La Caridad, has just been giving a series of concerts in the Zarzuela Theatre. It is now getting up a grand sacred concert, at which various masterpieces by Palestrina, Stradella, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, and Meyerbeer, will be performed.

MATTHEE (SALZBURGH).—A commemorative tablet, let into the front of the house where Anton Diabelli was born, was solemnly unveiled on the 10th inst. Anton Diabelli first saw the light on the 5th September, 1781, exactly ten years earlier than Meyerbeer. He rendered great services to the cause of art by propagating classical and sacred music. It is, perhaps, not so well known that he composed, also, a number of rustic masses and offertories.



## CHIT-CHAT FROM PARIS.

(Extract from a Letter.)

The performance in aid of the orphans of the war, which took place at the Opera under the patronage of Mme. Thiers, did not attract as good an audience as had been hoped; but a collection made in the theatre by several of the lady patronesses, including Mme. MacMahon and Mme. Jules Simon, added £32 to the receipts. The Théâtre Lyrique has migrated to the little theatre of the Athénée, the old house still presenting but a ruined heap by the Seine; and again the performance was for victims of the war, under the patronage of Mme. Thiers. An act of *Martha*, one of the *Barbiere*, and a concert, in which the best singers of the Lyrique appeared, brought a considerable sum. The Bouffes is preparing for reopening. The *Figaro* was making us grieve over the misfortune of the leader of the Bouffes orchestra, whose arm had been amputated, in consequence of a wound received during the war; but on the following day another writer declared he "had just shaken the hand of the arm which his *confère* had had cut off." Arms, however, were destined to dramatic notoriety that day, for M. Coquelin *filz*, of the Français, playing in the *Legataire Universel*, in which he has to spring upon a table, sprained his arm. Two novelties have been produced at the Vaudeville; the first, *Chez le Notaire*, a very small one with an absurdly simple groundwork, but prettily embroidered on. The drollest touch was after the performance. In France the name of the author of a new piece does not appear on the first night, but is given out to the audience at the conclusion by the manager. On the evening I speak of, the manager came forward, wearing the white cravat common to managers and notaries, and surprised the audience by saying, "Pardon me; I come a little late, I fear. I am the notary. My two clients are gone . . . and nothing remains but to tell you that their marriage was arranged by M. Léopold Lalugé." The second new piece was *Les Trois Chapeaux*, in which the three comic actors, Parade, Delannoy, and St. Germain, and the three hats—lost, looked for, passed from hand to hand, and head to head in droll confusion—creating incessant laughter. At the sale of Alexandre Dumas' effects the amount realised was small, but there was a pretty collection of works of art and curious arms, amongst which two richly-chased carabines, given to Dumas—one by Schamyl, the other by Abd-el-Kader—after reading some of his stories. The principal bids were for a group in bronze—a present from the Duc d'Orléans—which sold for 4,100fr., and for Dumas' two old armchairs, bought by his son, who was also the purchaser of more than half the objects sold.

At the same hour the funeral of Paul de Kock was moving amidst a considerable crowd down the Boulevard St. Martin.

## SCIENCE OR ART?

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Though I am indisposed to trespass again upon your space, so much of which has been kindly accorded to me, I feel that I must, with your permission, reply to "Justitia," as the subject matter is now being brought to its true issues.

The business of "Science" is to discover as much of Nature and her laws as she can. Having possessed herself of this knowledge, she frames rules of which it is the province of "Art" to avail herself. The knowledge of Nature's laws is likewise termed "Science," which sometimes gives occasion to a confusion of ideas. On the other hand, "Art" (to be poetical) is the handmaid of "Science," and waits upon her. "Art," however, is wholly imitative. It aims not to prove or find out anything. I do not limit its objects as "Justitia" appears to do. Nor do I regard it as an *end*, but simply as a *means*. Art's "copies" are either real or imaginative; to her they are the same, their existence being physical or intellectual. Not only the *beautiful*, but the *useful*, is her subject matter; in either case her business is solely imitative. The engineer possessed of a knowledge of some of Nature's laws constructs a bridge: it is by Art that he does it. Without science his art would bring him to grief. Science is analytical; art is synthetic. The business of the former, as I have said, is to discover truth, viz.: Nature's laws. Then Art comes in and builds up, imitating as well as she is able Nature's workmanship. That her subject matter is useful, is shown by her building a bridge, safe and sure, on scientific principles, as it is said; or, in other words, she successfully imitates the laws of Nature, which Science has unfolded.

With the foregoing as an introduction, let us see how music can be classed. This is our first of the two questions. Is its business analytical or synthetic? Were it the former, it would be a science. So far as music has to do with acoustics, it is a science. The majority of our best musicians, however—indeed I may say all—do not attempt to discover the laws of this particular branch of natural philosophy; they content themselves with the rules laid down by their predecessors, who have acquired them partly by the labours of philosophers, and partly by a naturally quick, though not altogether by a perfect, ear for sounds. He who has acquired a knowledge of any of Nature's laws, whether they be of "sound" or "morals," is a scientific man, or (which means the same thing) a philosopher, or wise man. Now the scope or business

of music is not to find out; it cannot, therefore, be rightly called a science. Perhaps your correspondent replies, "But do we not term A and B scientific musicians?" I answer, "those who do so simply mean—not that they are possessed of a knowledge of the laws of Nature with respect to sound—but that they have acquired by great study a more extensive knowledge of the rules which Art has framed, founded upon Nature's laws, than the majority of their fellows, and they are anxious to make a display of them. We are apt to think those persons *knowing* who possess more knowledge than ourselves; we are not always wise, however, in regarding them as scientific. I know of no musicians who are so in any other way than through Art. And the man who writes a symphony or builds a bridge is an artist. Both are, in truth, imitators of Nature, in so far as they both work in obedience to rules founded upon her laws, the materials in one case being objective or external, while in the other they are subjective or from within. What we call "form" has nothing whatever to do with Nature in either case. This is entirely *scholastic*, and though it is of immense value, it is in no way related to science; it pertains altogether to Art—not that Art which imitates Nature, but that which ought properly to bear the name of *Taste*, the limits and functions of which are not at present adequately defined.

I have not left myself room for the consideration of the other question—How far the intellect is addressed in opera? I must, therefore, dismiss it rather summarily; in the first place, because I fear to trespass too much upon your space; and secondly, because I have, in a measure, expressed my opinion upon this point in other letters. Confining myself to the opera of *Faust*, as instanced in your correspondent's letter, I cannot but regard it as a beautiful musical picture, the story of that part of the great poem which forms the subject of the opera being painted well, with plenty of tone and plenty of colour. An allusion to the garden scene alone ought to suffice, in which the deepest feelings and emotions of the lovers are depicted in an almost inimitable manner. I doubt whether a duet more admirable for portraying the outpourings of the hearts of lovers was ever "pictured." Certainly I cannot call to mind one superior to it; and it is so absorbing that one must be devoid of heart who can coolly submit it to his intellect for approbation during its performance. A picture of this kind is painted by Genius, and this goddess, remember, does not cool her imagination by a plunge into the frigid bath that some worshippers of abstract or learned music have constructed. Worshippers of abstract music, forsooth! Worshippers of self-attainments they should be called. Talent, an inferior being, may recognize them; she, however, is to be admired only for perseverance. She hardly dare show her face in the golden stream of light in which it is in the nature of genius to bask, though I have heard of some of her worshippers who have written among other things chants, and who consider that one of these is worth more than all that the "Swan of Pesaro" ever penned. Thus we see how egotistical *Talent* is, if she be accompanied by vanity; and those whose operas need to be submitted to the intellect should henceforth resolve to aim no more at opera writing, as, though possessed of *talent*, they lack the *genius* which at once takes possession of the heart, and the outpourings of which need no mathematical calculation or intellectual approbation. Such efforts of genius are *La Sonnambula*, *Guglielmo Tell*, and *Faust*, already referred to. Cold criticism may condemn these, as some twenty-four years since it did Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*—an opera fraught with melody, and not without some colour, and possessed of a good story. Yet this opera ran some 120 nights without intermission, in spite of intellectual criticism, which condemned number after number. Its composer did not aim at addressing the intellect. With many apologies for the length of this letter, I am, yours, as before,

MILDEW MUSTY.

Fungus Marsh, 19th September.

## LINES FOR MUSIC.

All hail! thou glorious moon,  
Bright as a warming pan!  
Thou fairest, biggest, roundest source  
Of bread and cheese to man.

Continue thou to shine  
Like lands of waggon wheels,  
For dad and I are going out  
To try and snare some eels.

To Arthur S. Sullivan, Esq.

**BADEN.**—The performance by the Italian company of *Il Barbiere* attracted a highly numerous and highly aristocratic audience. Mme. Artôt was Rosina; Signor Padilla, Figaro; Signor Carrion, Almaviva; Signor Rouconi, Bartolo; and Signor Capponi, Basilio. The next opera was to be M. Gounod's *Faust*.

**HANOVER.**—The Theatre Royal opened for the autumn and winter on Göthe's birthday, when that author's *Clavigo* was performed. The play was preceded by Beethoven's overture, "Zur Weihe des Hauses." The first opera was Boieldieu's *Dame Blanche*. On the 10th instant, Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* was performed here for the hundredth time, having been first produced in 1836; and the same was true, on the 11th inst., of Mozart's *Nozze*, first given here in 1816.

## AN ORGANIST'S DIFFICULTIES.

A long correspondence has appeared in the Liverpool papers between Mr. J. J. Monk, organist, and the Rev. Brooke Lambert, curate of St. Ann's, Rainhill.

The following letters will suffice to explain the cause to our readers:—

Mr. Monk.—If you are to continue to discharge the duties of organist, the service must be conducted very differently to that of yesterday. The innumerable variations you played to every chant and hymn tune not only embarrassed your choir, who were once or twice quite thrown out, but rendered it impossible for the less musical part of the congregation to join in the singing. In future the chants and hymn-tunes must be played as they were played at the practice on Friday, and without variations. The Kyries in the communion service were not played as at the practice, but were interspersed with variations which might be fitting in a concert-room, but were exceedingly indecent in a church. The Kyries must in future be played simply. The organ is to lead the singing in church, and is not to be used to illustrate the fancies of the organist. The voluntaries played after the morning and evening services whilst the congregation were leaving their seats were totally unfitted for use on such occasions, and were calculated to disturb the devotional feelings of the congregation. The voluntaries must for the future be selected from the sacred oratorios, or such like music. As I regret to find that I cannot rely on your taste in such matters, I must ask you to be good enough to give me the names of the voluntaries you propose to play before and after the services on the Friday week before you play them, i.e., when I give you the hymns for the same day. I asked you on Friday last to discontinue a flourish which was played just before the sermon. On Sunday I noticed that after the Amen in the Benediction, both at morning and evening service, you introduced a flourish lasting some half-minute or more. This must also be discontinued; it disturbs the devotions of the people at a time given to private prayer. It is also quite unusual. In future, you will play all the Amins as 19 out of 20 organists play them, i.e., without any flourish whatsoever. Indeed, in asking you to make these alterations, I am setting up no standard of taste of my own, but am simply asking you to do what is done in other churches, and to discontinue what would be rejected as irreverent elsewhere. You will be good enough to let me have in writing as soon as possible your promise to conduct the service in the way I have presented.

BROOKE LAMBERT.

Mr. Monk presents his compliments to the Rev. Brooke Lambert, and begs to inform him [that] he is in receipt of his communication. As Mr. Monk will be away from Liverpool [for] the next four Sundays (during which time his friend Mr. Clarke will officiate at the organ), he thinks an interview on his return with the Rev. Brooke Lambert might be more satisfactory than at present.

Mr. Monk.—You must be aware that you have no right to absent yourself from your post without leave duly asked and obtained. If you have obtained such leave from Mr. Clay, please inform me of it. I cannot accept your friend as a substitute without proof that he is a qualified organist. Unless you satisfy me on these two heads, you will absent yourself at your own risk. Your letter is very unsatisfactory. In answer to my request for a written promise that you would conduct the service as I wished, you promise an interview at your own convenience, a month hence. You will consider your engagement as organist of Rainhill to be at an end in three months from this date.

BROOKE LAMBERT.

Mr. Monk presents his compliments to the Rev. Brooke Lambert, and begs to acknowledge his communication. If Mr. Monk had been aware that the Rev. Brooke Lambert had wished to be consulted as to his absenting himself, he, of course, would have consulted him, but he simply did what he has always done before, even at Rainhill, and the Rev. B. Lambert seems to be unaware that, as a professional man, Mr. Monk can only go away in his vacations; also, that, like other people, he requires change of air to help him to go through half a year's work. Mr. Monk had domestic affairs to keep him at home altogether; but having been unwell, he was forced even to put those aside, and take some relaxation to fit him for his duties when he resumes his practice. If this is not a "reasonable cause," Mr. Monk is at a loss to know what would be. As to the proper authority, Mr. M. has explained that it was purely a mistake between the Rev. Brooke Lambert and himself. Mr. Monk has offered to have an interview when he returns about some matters he mentioned in a former communication (what they are exactly Mr. M. has no recollection). He cannot do more than this at the present moment; in the meantime, as the Rev. Brooke Lambert knows, not the slightest harm is done to his notions, whatever they are. Mr. Monk considers a personal interview much more satisfactory in any misunderstanding than written communications. Mr. Monk intends returning, if possible, a week earlier than he had made arrangements for; and in any case the Rev. Brooke Lambert will not have to wait long.

Mr. Monk.—I think it is a pity that you have not chosen the less abrupt manner of terminating your work here, which I suggested. However, as you

do not think fit to accept my terms, I must abide by the decision conveyed to you in my letter of the 11th. I have taken steps to insert advertisements for an organist in the papers which will appear on Thursday. You can only dispute my decision by legal proceedings. You will be allowed to enter the church to remove any music or other property which may belong to you personally, but you will not be allowed to officiate either at the practice or at any service.

BROOKE LAMBERT.

## W A I F S.

Madame Arabella Goddard is staying for a short time at North Malvern, in Worcestershire.

M. Victor Hugo has been suffering from a grave attack of pleurisy. Next Wednesday and Thursday are the days appointed for the admission of new Students to the London Academy of Music.

Mr. Oberthur has returned to London from his tour through Germany.

Miss Martell, who made a favourable *début* at the last Gloucester Festival, is a daughter of Mr. Vinnicombe, of Exeter.

Signor Caravoglia, the well-known barytone, is engaged with Mr. Mapleson's operatic *troupe*, now performing in Dublin.

Among the well-known German performers from London, who played at the recent Beethoven Festival, at Bonn, were Herren L. Straus, L. Ries, Weiner, Ludwig, and Deichman.

There is an egregious company of comedians now performing curious pieces in a temporary booth at Malvern, not far from the Link.

Miss Fernandez, the young vocalist who made a favourable *début* as Smeaton, the page, in *Anna Bolena*, last season, at the Italian Opera, Drury Lane, was married last week to Mr. Benham, the tenor.

At M. Rivière's Promenade Concerts a "Schubert night" is announced for Wednesday, and on Friday Mozart's Twelfth Mass is to be repeated.

Signor Mario, it is reported by Spanish journals, has accepted an engagement at the Jovellanos Theatre in Madrid, for the months of April and May next.

Miss Clara Doria and Mr. and Mrs. Aynsley Cooke arrived safely at New York on Monday last, at 5 o'clock p.m., to join the Parepa-Rosa *troupe*. M. Alberto Lawrence is engaged as one of the principal baritones of the same *troupe*.

At the Crystal Palace to-day, the late Edward Loder's opera, *The Night Dancers*, is to be given, with Miss Adelaide Newton, Miss Janet Haydon, Miss Marie Rosette, Messrs. Carlton, Temple, Distin and Perren in the principal characters.

The public should bear in mind that the first of the series of annual International exhibitions will close on Saturday, the 30th September, and that the many interesting objects of fine art and manufacture included in this year's exhibition will then be dispersed.

The modern facilities for locomotion have been a boon to artists, who can now race about the world, earning wreaths of laurel and bags of gold. Among the passengers by the Scotia, which sailed from Liverpool on Saturday week, was Madame Vanzini, who has joined the company of Madame Parepa-Rosa. Madame Vanzini is an American by birth; but in Yankee-land the adage that a prophet has no honour in his own country is, like many other old-fashioned things, reversed.

OUTRAGE UPON A BRITISH BANDMASTER.—The Lahore papers brought by the Indian mail give prominence to the fact of Mr. Charles Davis and his wife being kept prisoners by the Rajah of Jheend, a small state in the Punjab. Mr. Davis joined the Rajah five years ago, as bandmaster, and has very successfully raised bands among the natives, who, under his instruction, became sufficiently skilful to play before Lord Mayo and the Ameer of Afghanistan at the Umballa Durbar, and before the Duke of Edinburgh at Lahore. The bandmaster had, however, incensed the Rajah, by giving advice to a British soldier not to enter the service of Jheend without guarantees. The letter fell into the hands of the potentate, who ordered Mr. Davis, wife, and family, into close confinement, took possession of his property, deprived him of writing material, detained his letters, and stopped his correspondence. Mr. Davis and family have been prisoners for four months.

## A Flower for Thackeray's Grave.

Hold it, O Marble, of the polished face;  
Guard it, O Iron; tho' a shrunken wreath,  
'Twas brought o'er many thousand leagues of space,  
For love of him who calmly sleeps beneath.

And he who plucked it by an Austral sea,  
In reverence for the mighty soul at rest,  
Bows down in silent homage, head and knee,  
And gently lays it on his Master's breast.

Kensal Green, August, 1871.

S. J.

## A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

(Continued from page 571.)

It was almost a mile along the gallery! Then the steps; I might have been going down the monument staircase for the time it took me! But at last I felt out the door, with a large blue elevation in the middle of my forehead, and the dust of ages in each palm. Locked! bolted! ruthlessly barred between me and my genial fellow-creatures; between my dark prison and the warmth and light of the homes without. I kicked and shouted, but there was no answer except the wind sweeping by, shaking the glass in the old casements above me. I looked round helplessly—I mean I turned my head round most helplessly, feeling the darkness like a dreadful, tangible thing. Then despairingly I gave a louder shriek than ever. How weirdly it echoed up the aisles and vibrated in the organ pipes like a crowd of ghostly, mocking answers! But it brought no other answer, and I knew then that it was useless to hope for help from without. What should I do? I felt so sick and giddy that I sat down upon a bench against which I had stumbled near the door, and tried to steady my mind to the inevitable night in this dreadful cold and darkness. I knew I was not a coward; I knew there was little of the superstitious in my nature; I could face darkness and loneliness perhaps better than many a bigger man; but what a cheerless, comfortless night this would be! What a beginning of a new year! What would they think at my lodgings—would they send out and seek me? They might even guess, and send here. What a laugh I would have over this! That little organ-playing rascal would try, perhaps, to laugh at me for this unexpected sequel to my plot; but that would not matter much; I could soon quench him. What was that? Only the wind again; how it had risen, and how those blessed windows creaked and shook, and chattered! Why could not they repair the windows? It would be a great deal more sensible than spending so much on the organ. Especially since the last organist left (and he was an organist), and left no respectable player in the parish to take his place. Where was the pulpit? O, it must be over there, straight opposite me. Could I not make believe very much, like the little Marchioness, and see it lighted up, and hear a gentle, gray-haired old man preaching to me? Not a bit of it! I'll defy a man, sitting alone in an empty vault-like place at midnight,—the wind swaying and groaning and shrieking all round it,—to fancy a pleasant lighted church full of cheerful listeners, and a genial old man telling them, in a kindly, friendly way, how to make themselves happy for ever. Yea, just as I will defy you, at your warm, bright firesides, or in your sunny gardens, to fancy me groping in this heavy darkness—knowing I was shut out from all the natural world, until that world should choose, for its own purpose, to summon me. They would open the church in the morning for me to go on with the organ. Ah! it would be indeed for me.

Was it one o'clock yet, I wondered. Why, all the town would be in bed by this time; those who had been at church could almost be sung in bed now. Even that mean little sneak who had ruined the Carita, and wanted to ruin the organ, even he was probably asleep by this time, and I had never frightened nor fought him. It was almost more than human patience could stand. Did that ridiculous wind want to come in too, that it rattled the windows in that fiendish manner? Well, it could not go on long, I should think, at that pace. What was that? The whole building was shaking. No wind, that. No, only the reverberation of the great clock bell. One! What a gloomy note it was, how different to the sound, twelve hours ago, when I had left my work in pleasant anticipation of the dainty little hot dinner I had ordered! It had a cheery sound then—now it rolled sullenly and despondingly through the tower. How many people, or rather how few, would be awake to hear it. Ah! a sudden thought struck me; fool never to have imagined it before! If I rang the bells, or even tolled one bell, it would surely summon somebody who could open the door to me. I could try, at any rate; it should not be my fault if I spent the wretched night that loomed before me. How long would it take me to reach the belfry? I knew how to find it in daylight, but now? Well, I might find it now; I would grope until I did, at any rate.

Feeling along the sides of the high old pews, I went on, until I reached the wall, along which somewhere I should find the little iron-nailed door. Then, as I felt I was nearing it, a sudden fear overtook me. It would be locked; they would naturally lock the door of the tower. I went on still, my hand outstretched upon the wall, but with no spirit in the search now. At last my hand slipped, and I felt the iron nails of the little door of the belfry stairs. I turned the handle. Yes, it opened to my touch, and I was free to mount the narrow way, and make my imprisonment known to the sleeping world without. The steps were awkward and unpleasant in daylight, but what they were to me then, I cannot say. But now I could feel a new air; a wider, colder kind of air; and I knew I was in the belfry at last. Yes, there were no more steps to climb. Now I must feel my way once more by the wall—and for the last time. To the right or left should I go? Some childish idea turned me to the right. How far would the ropes be away? My

right hand went up to the wall; my left I held out before me as advanced guard, to give notice of any obstacle the intense darkness might hide. And so I went along—my palm scratched and grazed by the rough surface of the stones—until suddenly there ran through all my nerves a strange horrible thrill; my breath seemed to stop with a spasmodic gasp, for my groping right hand had been stopped by a man's shoulder, close against the wall, just at the height my own head would be. A human shoulder! I never could have mistaken that, though the instant after touching it my hand had dropped and I leaned against the stones steadying myself. In the horrible, heavy silence my own heart-beats sounded almost like the striking-bell of the clock. This was a fiendish place to be in; why should there not be unearthly figures about it in unnatural postures? What more fitting place could they choose than this damp, weird place, up above all human sights and sounds, only level, it seemed, with the raving, tearing wind?—and what more fitting time for them than this winter midnight? How long was it since it struck one? When would it strike two? It would be almost a relief to hear the clock again—the great heavy pulse that might still my own for a minute. It seemed a whole long night since I crept into that inferno—into that dismal organ-loft.

What was the use of it, after all? If every stop had been used the whole time, the organ would not have been really injured. I need not be half such a fidgety, anxious fellow as I am, over the instrument; I might very well have let that poor little donk—that poor little gentleman—alone for this conf—for this one service. I had better, indeed, have been sitting decently in a pew down stairs, listening to the old parson. He said a good many capital things, no doubt; I do not see why I should have scoffed at the idea of the service; I wondered that I had done it. I would not again, for it was done for a good purpose. After all, I was in a holy building, too; I do not see why I should be afraid; it was only imagination, I dare say. What figure could be up in such a place as this—and silent, too? Nonsense! it must have been a coat; hung up, perhaps, by one of the ringers. Was I growing a coward in my old age? I would go to it again. Suppose I spoke first. I don't know why I should, seeing it was only a bellringer's coat; but I will, just to air my own voice. It did not sound exactly like my own, though, when it did come. "Is any one here in the belfry with me?" I said; "if so, pray speak, for I am shut alone in the church." No answer. Of course not,—I laughed a little grim kind of laugh,—what answer had I expected from an empty coat? I took a few small hesitating steps forward, and, shutting my eyes, even in the dense darkness, perhaps to concentrate all my powers in my sense of touch, I put out my right hand with a slow, cautious movement, along the wall again. For an instant my head reeled as if it would throw me down like a teetotum, for my fingers went straight into a thick mass of tangled hair, and when I drew them suddenly back and put them to my head to steady it, they were cold as death. No bellringer's coat;—a ghastly hairy head! not human, of course! What living man would be standing thus in such a place,—the head flattened against this rough, cold wall? If it had been any one shut in like myself, he would have only too readily answered my words; besides, what human being would stand in such a posture? What living man? Ah! that brought a new horror to my mind. Was he living?—or could a corpse be stationed so in this ghostly place? Could a foul murder have been once—Nonsense! had not the ringers all been chiming there gaily a couple of hours before? If there had been a corpse; but—I would listen for the breath. I do not know how I could do it, though you may laugh at the horror it had for me—in your comfortable incapacity for picturing this ghostly tower. I bent my head forward, listening; but the thump of my own heart and the gusts that raged round me were all I heard. Was it human or supernatural? Was it living or dead? Oh, where were the bells, that I might summon kindly release from this horrible imprisonment? But how could I reach the bell now? I dare feel my way no further, with the possibility of another ghastly figure barring my progress. Yet if I did not—O horror! to imagine a whole night here, in Heaven knew what awful companionship! No; I would summon all the strength and courage that I used to think I possessed, and walk straight off into the space till I felt the ropes. Spreading now my hands before me, I stumbled on, round and round, backwards and forwards, frantically dashing out my hands in all directions; until at last, Heaven be thanked! I clutched the carpeted ropes, and felt that the power of bringing help was in my hand at last. But then a new dread crept over me. I actually was afraid to sound the bell. There, when I had reached what I had been struggling for, this new cowardly fear took entire possession of me. My eyes were strained and wide open in the darkness; the rope was grasped in both my sore and bleeding hands, and there I stood trembling like a child. How did I know what the sound might not waken? Did I not know for a certainty that I was not alone in this haunted place? At the first note of the clanging bell, might I not—what might I not summon?

As I hesitated, with an intense throbbing pain over my eyes, my foot moved something on the ground,—a piece of rope, evidently; and,



vaguely glad of anything that should delay for a moment the call I wished to give, I stooped and took it in my hand. It resisted me, and I drew my hand along it to feel to what it might be attached. As I did so, my hand came in contact with another hand. For one moment I reeled and tottered; in the next, with one mad effort, I seized the bell-rope, raised my feet from the ground, and hung my weight upon my hands; and as the one solemn note boomed out, my head swam round, my fingers slid down the rope, and I fell backwards, senseless, on the ground. Neither a shock nor a friendly voice called me back to consciousness; I awoke in a cold shiver, to the horror and the darkness of which I had been for a time unconscious. I sat up opening my eyes wearily, for the intense darkness literally seemed to weigh down my eyelids, and it all came slowly back upon me, almost with a twofold horror. What time would it be now? How long had I been in this double darkness? Ah! listen; the great clock bell shook and trembled through the tower. One—Two. Only two! If the night were to be spent here, and each hour were to be like this, my hair would be grey before daylight. Two o'clock! how snugly every one was sleeping now, and how unthinking of the one miserable man in the tower! How little I should be thinking of anything so ghostly if I were comfortably between my own sheets now! Those things do not trouble one much until they visit one with a terrible personality like this. Even this raving, maddening wind, would hardly keep me awake on ordinary nights, yet how impossible here to fancy sleeping through it. There! was not that like a dozen demons shrieking for entrance at those little shivering casements?

(To be continued.)

#### AMATEUR "COMIC" SINGERS.

The curtain was raised, and the ten were disclosed to view. They sat on chairs in a row. It was at once evident that the majority had each fixed on some music-hall celebrity as his model. There were to be seen faithfully reproduced the close-fitting unmentionables and patent boots that invariably distinguish Funny Finch, the curly brimmed hat of Rummy Little Bags, the corduroy "smalls," and velvet jacket with pearl buttons, without which it would be utterly impossible for that immensely popular singer, Lanky Whiffles, effectually to render those delectable ballads that have earned for him so enviable a reputation.

In order to promote perfect fairness, and to avoid any undue advantage that one competitor might gain over the rest by studious and exclusive attention to any single song, the titles of ten well-known and favourite music-hall compositions were placed in a bag, and the amateurs themselves dipped for them, taking their chance as to the song that should fall to their share. Amid breathless silence, the conductor announced that "No 1" would sing a song written and composed by the Inimitable Crankey Howler, entitled "After Dark." At the time I was disposed to think that No. 1 could not be congratulated on his good luck at the lottery bag. It might be all very well for Crankey Howler. A man occupying his splendid position need not be trammelled by the rotten ropes of stage decorum that still are endured at music-halls. He could, with impunity, recite his after-dark "chaff with the gals," and give full vent to his unapproachable imitation of the drunken swell's Haymarket war-whoop. But, in the hands of an amateur, "After Dark" is a tame affair. Divested of its idiotic tags and trimmings, that are made to eke out a wretched attempt at rhyme, all that remains is the admirable sentiment that, because the pastimes of street-lamp smashing, and knocker-wrenching, and police-assaulting, and drunkenness, and bestiality generally may be indulged with greater impunity after dark than before, these were so many prime reasons why all choice spirits should choose the nocturnal season before any other. The applause that waited on the singer was at least equal to his merit; but as it was generously accompanied by the derisive groans and hisses of the numerous friends of the yet untried nine, No. 1, as he retired, must have felt somewhat less confident than when he stepped forward of securing the "magnificent silver goblet" that was to be the victor's reward.

No. 2 was more fortunate in the song that chance allotted him. Satisfaction beamed in his eyes, and, even before the chairman had announced what was coming, the confident amateur has already tilted his hat over his right eye and winked at the audience with his left, and laid his forefinger along the side of his nose—by all of which tokens the experienced crowd before him were made aware that something highly relishing might be expected. The most amazing part of the affair was that they appeared well satisfied. It was a repetition of No. 1, with embellishments. It was all about a "swell" who having got drunk on champagne, "fell in love" with a young lady who kept a pickled whelk stall, and who, after a flirtation most graphically and minutely described, jilted the "swell" and ran off with "a cove what hawked hearthstones." This was the pith of the story; but the story

was nothing—the dressing was the thing. It is not too much to say that every other line contained either an indecent allusion or some scrap of disgusting slang. It had not the least claim in the world to be called a song; its theme was merely a hook on which to hang tit-bits of the sort of carion that Lord Campbell's Act was intended to put beyond the reach of those whose vitiated taste gave them a hankering for it. Nevertheless, it was uproariously received. I doubt if more general satisfaction was evinced (excepting, of course, among the friends of the yet untried eight) when the "Star Comique" himself nearly convulsed his auditory by singing of his hungry man who fed on linseed meal poultrie and puppy dogs' tail.

But I need not wade through the odious slough out of which the remainder of the amateur competitors fished each for his dainty dish to set before those who were to judge of his good taste and talent. I soon found reason to alter my opinion as to the indifferent luck of No. 1. His song was simply brainless rubbish, without point or aim; but it was not so with the others. Every song sung was at once recognized as a well-known composition; indeed, it was but to be expected that on such an occasion such only would be selected. It is not too much to say that, excepting the first, of which the reader may form his own opinion, not one was free from indecent allusion, or gross impudence, or odious vulgarity. The gentleman who won the prize—and it was voted to him by general acclamation—had the good fortune to get hold of a song the chorus of which was, of course, irresistible. It was:

"Squeeze me, Joe! squeeze me, Joe!  
It's orful jolly, and that you know;  
Squeeze me, Joe! squeeze me, Joe!  
And, if you love me, say so."

I dare not print what came before the chorus, nor could I, if it were desirable, describe the delicate gestures with which the singer illustrated his neatest points. I will only say that, after a double final round of "Squeeze me, Joe!" the storm of applause that followed left it no longer in doubt who had earned the magnificent silver goblet.

In order to make quite sure that what I had heard was a fair sample of music-hall comic harmony, I waited awhile after the contest was concluded and the prize awarded, to listen to the performances of the regular and talented staff; and I was more and more overwhelmed with amazement. Was it always so at music-halls, or have they degenerated? Is it really a fact that the people seeking to be merry find delight only in the vulgar drivel that Rum Little Bags and Funny Finch and Mr. Lanky Whiffles write and sing for them? Whiffles and Rum Little Bags, perhaps, are not to blame. They draw their inspirations from the parent fount, and know more about costermongers and gentlemen with "mokes," and all that sort of thing, than anything else; but is this the best that the people can get for their hard-earned sixpences? A jolly stave, whether he sings it himself or hears it sung, will hurt no man; on the contrary, it excites his wholesome laughter and quickens his wit, and is, in its way, real recreation; but in the name of common sense, what does he gain by trudging a mile to hear the "Rummy Bags" describe the delights of the fried fish business, or the woes of a donkey that got his foot in a street plug-hole? Either this or worse, for Bags's genius is versatile, and he is quick to catch the spirit of a thing. Show him a lady's chignon, and he will twist it in this way and that till he has strangled decency with it. Give him free play with an apron-string, and before he has done with it he will set every brainless snob in the hall shrieking with laughter. This is all he can do; but he does it with all the ardour of his grubby little mind. Is there no hope for us? Has the art of song-writing so completely died out in England that we must needs take what these poets of the tap-room and the costermonger's barrow choose to give us? It is almost enough to make one sigh for the old war-times; they, at least, gave birth to Dibdin.

VIENNA.—Dr. Hans von Bülow will visit this capital in January, and give three Beethoven Evenings in the rooms of the Musical Union.—Herr Anton Rubenstein has left for St. Petersburg, in order to superintend the production, on the Russian stage, of the opera he has lately completed. He will return, at the commencement of October, to enter upon his functions as director of the Gesellschaft-Concerts, and of the Concerts of the Vocal Association. The first concert of the former series will take place on the 5th November. In addition to the usual four concerts, three extraordinary ones will be added.

BOHN.—Among the speeches at the Beethoven Festival banquet were two made by Herr Niels Gade, of Copenhagen, and Herr Joachim. Herr Gade spoke somewhat to this effect: "A hundred years ago there rose in the musical firmament at Bonn a star, more bright and luminous than any previously known. Bonn enjoyed the great happiness of beholding this star above it, and of being illuminated by its light. Let Bonn preserve this light; it shall shoot its rays from Bonn all over the world. The Beethoven Festival has afforded a proof that Bonn under-

stands its musical mission; the proof was supplied by the chorus, who performed their task in so brilliant a manner; it was supplied by the enthusiasm and the joy of the whole town. He called for a cheer to celebrate the fact of Bonn continuing in the same way to fulfil its musical mission." Herr Joachim referred to his colleagues, Herren Strauss and Königsloew. "On the shoulders of these two artists, as leaders," he observed, "rested the whole weight of the orchestral fabric, and a great part of the success achieved was due to them."

#### MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

W. MORLEY.—"The dear old home," by G. A. Macfarren; "Boat Song," by W. C. Levey.

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